New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII. No. 1481 SATURDAY · 1 AUGUST 1959 NINEPENCE

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The Infamy of Central Africa

MR LENNOX BOYD: 'That information made it clear that plans had been made by Congress to carry out widespread violence and murder of Europeans, Asians and moderate African leaders; that in fact a massacre was being planned.' – *Hansard*, 3 *March* 1959.

'We have not found any detailed plan for massacre and assassination.' – *Report of the Nyasaland Commission of Inquiry, Para.* 149.

MR LENNOX BOYD: 'It soon became quite clear that [Dr Banda] was determined to reject any constitutional proposals which did not meet the maximum demands of the Nyasaland Congress and then to create disturbances and to court arrest.' – *Hansard*, 3 *March* 1959.

'The White Paper goes on to say in Paragraph 14 that Dr Banda made it equally clear in his talks with government officials that he was not prepared to compromise. This last statement is not true. We have already given instances which show that Dr Banda was willing to compromise on details of constitutional reform.' – *Report of the Commission, Para.* 68.

MR. LENNOX BOYD: 'It was a ridiculous suggestion that the federal government said that [Lord Perth] should not go. That was utterly without foundation.' – *Hansard*, 3 *March* 1959.

'On 25 February Sir Roy Welensky asked the Governor, in view of the further developments in Nyasaland, to give serious consideration to deferring Lord Perth's projected visit.' – *Report of the Commission, Para.* 159.

Here are three points on which the Colonial Secretary's statements have been tested by the judicial commission which he himself appointed to enquire into the Nyasaland emergency. On each of them the Commission finds Mr Lennox-Boyd's words to have been untrue. Furthermore, the Commission has revealed that a vital piece of documentary evidence – Dr Banda's letter – was misquoted in the White Paper in a manner which made its impact less favourable to Dr Banda than would otherwise have been the case. The report, in fact, shows that ministers have falsified facts to justify their own political attitudes; it exposes serious maladministration of justice, including the use of unlawful violence; and it condemns some of the very foundations of British Central African policy over the past six years. The government now seeks to discredit the Commission's findings; but in that context it is worth once again recalling who the members of the Commission were. The chairman, Mr Justice Devlin, is regarded by most lawyers as the ablest of the judges now sitting in the High Court; while the other three members were a business man of high repute, a former colonial governor with African experience, and Lord Montgomery's wartime Chief Intelligence Officer. Mr Lennox-Boyd himself described them last March as 'expert, impartial people, with judicial experience, administrative experience and with African experience'. It is these 'expert, impartial people' who have now spoken.

Their report, despite government protests, is of unimpeachable authority and will be accepted all over the world – save in ministerial circles in London – as one of the historic documents of British colonial history. It bears out in general all the criticism of the government's Central African policy which responsible Opposition spokesmen have been making since 1953. The first fatal step was taken when federation was imposed against the will of an overwhelming majority of the African people in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. Having once committed itself to federation, the Tory government was led on to use both its powers and its officers to advance policies which were directly contrary to the expressed wishes of most of the people it had to rule. The

Africans began to look upon federation as a deliberately built-in colour bar to their political and constitutional progress. They were reinforced in their view by the public declarations of successive federal leaders. The colonial government, in fact, took upon itself the task of supporting the political ambitions of the white minority against the reasonable aspirations, and over the protests, of the black masses.

Provision is made in the federal constitution for a constitutional review to take place at an unspecified date between 1960 and 1962. In 1957, Sir Roy Welensky succeeded in persuading the British government that this review should be held at the earliest permissible date. This concession by Britain aggravated African fears that the federal leadership was planning to take absolute control before they could organise strong political movements or persuade the Colonial Office to introduce representative political institutions in the northern territories. African political activity, therefore, became geared to the date of 1960. In particular, it concerned itself with preparations for the new constitutions in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. When the Northern Rhodesian proposals were published in the summer of 1958, they were seen by Africans as being a British acceptance of the federal insistence on white control. They aroused virtually unanimous opposition in Northern Rhodesia and were taken as a warning of what Nyasaland might shortly expect. The federal elections a few weeks later confirmed the Africans' conviction of growing white aggression.

Nevertheless, by the middle of last summer, Dr Banda had begun his constitutional talks with Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor of Nyasaland. His plan, presented on behalf of the Nyasaland African Congress, was for a legislative council of 40, 32 of whom should be Africans, with an African majority in the Executive. It is with reference to that plan that the Commission of Inquiry made its unequivocal statement that Dr Banda was prepared to negotiate and compromise on matters of detail. The Colonial Secretary, incidentally, can scarcely have been unaware of this last March when he was basing his case on allegations about Dr Banda's intransigence. The deadlock, therefore, did not arise because of Dr Banda's refusal to compromise: it came about because the government of Nyasaland would not flout the wishes of either the 8,000 Europeans in the territory or the federal government.

Even more regrettable than the government's contemptuous treatment of the Congress was its disingenuous delay. With the 1960 constitutional review little more than 18 months away, not a single official proposal for a new constitution had been tabled, while the government was becoming, in the Commission's words, 'increasingly intolerant of any opposition on western or democratic lines'. The final act in this story of submission to federal influence was the Governor's capitulation, on 25 February this year, to Sir Roy Welensky's request that Lord Perth's visit should be deferred – and that, although there was plenty of evidence that Dr Banda still wished to participate in constitutional talks. Once again the finding of the Commission is explicit on this.

With all constitutional channels apparently closed to them, it is small wonder that some members of the Congress had become impatient and were advocating disruption. Nor is it surprising that among their number were a few who spoke wildly of 'killing'. Indeed, the Commission finds in the government's favour that, by this spring, a state of emergency was justified. But the situation was such that once the governor took the decision to use force against the Congress, the floodgates of disorder were opened; and it is difficult to acquit the Colonial Office and its agent the Nyasaland government of the great part of the responsibility for the tense situation which by then existed. From the moment the Emergency was declared, all the forces of the state were used to put down the Congress; and consequently, with the population by that time totally hostile to the government, what the Commission has called 'a police state' became inevitable. It is no surprise that in the circumstances there were police brutalities; but the scale of them perhaps is surprising. At least 51 Africans were killed and 79 wounded, all after the declaration of the Emergency. About 1,000 people were detained in prisons and concentration camps without charges. 'Unnecessary, and therefore illegal, force was used', says the Commission; and in fact the evidence is that the brutality involved was in many cases considerable.

It was at this stage that the government, committed as a result of weakness and procrastination to violence against its political opponents, had to seek excuses. And it was at this stage that Mr Lennox-Boyd and Mr Amery had recourse to the story of the massacre plot. On 3 March, the Governor did not apparently consider that the information at his disposal when the Emergency was declared justified the use of such words as 'murder' and 'massacre'. Yet both were used by the two colonial ministers in the House of Commons on the same day. As the Commission observes drily: 'When the time came to prepare a justification for government policy, the murder plot began to play a larger part; no doubt it was natural to make it the frontispiece of the story.' It was on 11 March that the Governor directed that the full story of the plot should be built up as a matter of urgency; and on 18 March, the White Paper based on the massacre plot, was published in London. Shrewdly the Commission suggests that it was because of this unfounded scare that the security forces arrested suspects in the night and beat them up on the spot.

At the end of this infamous sequence of events we are left with a Protectorate in which the protecting government, by using force to crush the political expressions of the people, has forfeited all reasonable claim to legitimacy; with a Colonial Secretary discredited by every accepted test of political honour; and with the reputation of British justice besmirched before the world. No government could have done more than this one to make it likely that the final stages of colonialism will discredit the methods of western democracy among newly independent peoples. The damage which has now been done is far too serious to be put right by isolated resignations. The whole future of political institutions in the African continent hangs in the balance. Federation of the predominantly African territories with Southern Rhodesia is dead – unless a British government is prepared to impose and maintain it by force or to allow the white settlers to undertake an act of conquest.

There is, however, an alternative to Federation. Mr Gaitskell has now firmly committed the Labour Party to accepting democratic principles in Africa. In last week's debate he rightly rejected the plan, cooked up between Sir Roy Welensky and Mr Lennox-Boyd, for a constitutional commission which would be largely under federal control. Equally he insisted that no further powers be surrendered by Britain to either the federal or the territorial governments in Central Africa, until the structure of democracy has been established. He also affirmed that proposals other than Federation for the development of these territories should be considered at the constitutional review, and he declared without reservation that the people of Central Africa have the absolute right to determine their own future. The attitude now taken by the Labour Party offers the only hope of once again attracting Africans to the concept of western democracy and the rule of law. The urgent political task of the Labour Party at home is now to convince the British electorate that present policies must be reversed if the African continent is once again to believe in the honesty of the British colonial purpose.

Comments on the Week's News

Last Stage at Geneva?

Last week-end Mr Selwyn Lloyd was the only one of the foreign ministers who remained at all optimistic about the Geneva talks. Mr Gromyko seemed unwilling to budge from his insistence that any interim arrangement about Berlin must have a term to it, and that such a concession in any case depended upon the creation of the all-German committee to discuss reunification and a peace treaty. Mr Herter, on the contrary, has been clinging to the American notion that there must be no time-limit of any kind upon western rights in Berlin, and that any further talks about the German problem must be contingent upon some agreement about Berlin. At this point it seemed that the deadlock could not be broken. For Mr Gromyko to recognise western rights in Berlin indefinitely would be a major concession – of a kind, perhaps, that Mr Krushchev might be willing to make as part of an overall settlement at the Summit, but not one that a subordinate could make in order to get America to the Summit. On the other side of the table, Mr Herter has increasingly tended to make this concession the test of Soviet good faith, a position that would be more tenable if the initiative in Berlin did not lie with the Russians and if the West had any good alternative idea in mind for Berlin. But on Monday Mr Lloyd seems to have persuaded both the Americans and the Russians to have one more try at reaching a limited interim agreement on Berlin, this time by getting down to a comparison of specific draft proposals rather than by continuing the debate on first principles. This technique may yet yield results; it has already proved useful in the nuclear test negotiations, which continue to make slow progress. But, at most, it would provide the heads of state with a very limited agenda for the Summit – an agenda which may stave off a Berlin crisis, but is unlikely to lead to a real settlement.

News from Cyprus

The lack of daily newspaper stories from Cyprus in recent months well illustrates the adage that no news is good news. Unsensationally, and to the despair of news editors, the triumvirate of the Governor, Archbishop Makarios and Dr Kutchuk have been working together constructively, and with an unexpected degree of harmony, towards the practical implementation of the London agreement – that is self-government for an undivided

Cyprus in a matter of months. The political background to this new-found unity of purpose suddenly became visible last weekend with the Archbishop's sharp attack on Colonel Grivas, who, from his almost legendary retirement in Athens, has been directing a stream of complaints and criticism at what he considers to be Makarios's all-round softness – towards the British, the Turks and the Cypriot left wing. That Makarios should have felt strong enough to rebuke Grivas in a sermon is notable; and more so is the clear support for his rebuke which has been manifest from most sections of Cypriot opinion, including many – perhaps a majority – of former Eoka men. This week has come explicit and generous support for Makarios's leadership from Dr Kutchuk. Not only is the London agreement being made a reality: its architects have won what seems to be a decisive political victory over the chauvinists of the right. The situation on the left is less clear. The Communist tactic is to keep quiet – even to co-operate – until self-government is realised. After that, no doubt Makarios and his government will face a political assault from the Communist-dominated trade unions. This is not likely, however, to differ in kind from the sort of political problem which any other non-Communist government in a free country has to face; and Makarios will be able to meet it with the immense personal prestige of having won independence for his people, Turkish as well as Greek Cypriots, by rejecting both sets of extremists.

The Hola Crime

The report of the Disciplinary Committee on the events at the Hola Camp, where 11 Mau Mau detainees were beaten to death on 3 March, places the main responsibility on the Camp Superintendent. It also attaches some blame to the Commissioner of Prisons. This will not do. The responsibility for the actions of officials always rests with the appropriate Ministers. In this case this is simply not a matter of convention but of responsibility for actually giving orders. The report reveals that Superintendent Sullivan reported his doubts on the application of the Cowan Plan. This was passed to the Commissioner of Prisons and from him to the Kenya Minister of Defence. One sentence in the Commissioner's minute is of particular significance. It reads: 'The plans Mr Cowan worked out . . . could be undertaken by us but it would mean the use of a certain degree of force in which operation someone might get hurt or even killed'. He asked that this be considered by the Security Council. The Minister of Defence did not refer it to the Security Council, nor did the Minister of African Affairs who was consulted. Instead an order was given that the Cowan Plan should be implemented and the decision conveyed to Superintendent Sullivan. Thus, not only on the ground of ministerial responsibility but of responsibility for this specific order, Ministers in the Kenya government should be in the dock. This clearly implies the direct responsibility of Governor Sir Evelyn Baring too. It was the Governor who presided at the Council of Ministers which issued the notorious and misleading communique on the cause of death. Thus the responsibility for government decision and the actions of Ministers undoubtedly lies in Government House, Nairobi; there seems no evidence that Sir Evelyn Baring even took the trouble to investigate this 'administrative error'. Mr Lennox-Boyd may disclaim direct responsibility, but someone is responsible for rejecting the Labour Party's demand for an independent enquiry into the conditions and administration of prisons and detention camps in Kenya. If that enquiry had been undertaken the whole tragedy would never have occurred and the 11 detainees would still be alive. It is sheer cowardice to allow the blame for this crime to fall on the prison officials alone.

Demagogy in Cairo

President Nasser has good reason to feel pleased with himself on the third anniversary of the nationalisation of the Suez canal. The canal – which Sir Anthony Eden's government thought could only be navigated by British pilots – is being run efficiently, and the scheme for widening and deepening it is now being put in hand. The union with Syria is settling down; the Russians have undertaken the first stage of the Aswan project; and the UAR armed forces have been supplied by the Communist bloc with new equipment to replace what was lost in the Sinai debacle. Yet, despite these achievements, Nasser feels compelled to intensify the word war against Israel. The collapse of the Egyptian army in 1956 is now described as a 'defeat' for Israel, Britain and France, and Israel is told that the next engagement will be 'decisive', ending in the 'extermination' of the Jewish state, which was 'a crime established by treachery and imperialism'. This is dangerous demagogy, even if it is merely intended for internal consumption. For it was precisely speeches of this kind, together with the equipment of the Egyptian army by the Communist powers and the creation of the joint Arab command, which led Israel to launch its Sinai campaign. Once more, Nasser is choosing to raise tension in the Middle East as a means of consolidating his position in the UAR. Similar motives, no doubt, account for the continuing denunciation of Kassem's regime by Cairo and Damascus radios, and for their wild exaggerations of unrest in Iraq. Kassem's crime is that he will neither put down the Communists nor menace Israel. Nasser regards both omissions as treachery to the cause of Arab nationalism, and to him personally, the self-appointed leader of the Arab masses.

The New Serfdom

In our issue of 18 July, in the article 'The New Serfdom' by James Fairbairn, we misprinted the number of Africans on white farms in South Africa. The total is 2.5 millions, not 7.5 millions.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Mr Tweedledee

The most important political development in recent weeks has been the mounting attack on the authority of Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic leader in the Senate. Johnson became leader of the then minority Democrats in the Senate in 1953 at the beginning of Mr Eisenhower's reign, and until recently he has enjoyed an immunity from criticism rivalling that of the President. The Democratic landslide last November changed all that.

For the first six years of the Eisenhower era, Johnson was widely hailed by political writers for his astuteness in re-establishing unity among the Democrats and in putting through legislation in a chamber in which his party had only nominal control. Democratic liberals occasionally chafed privately at Johnson's tendency to damp down all partisan fervour and to compromise away rather than develop major issues. In rebuttal, he was always able to point to the undeniable presence of Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, James Eastland of Mississippi and other southern grandees. Their votes after 1954 made a narrow party hegemony in the Senate possible but they regularly defected to the Republican conservatives on important domestic legislation. Johnson could also point to President Eisenhower's immense popularity. An electorate that gave Mr Eisenhower and his bland, negative style of government two whopping majorities clearly was in no mood for radical departures or liberal crusades by the Democrats in Congress.

Since the Democrats scored their great victory in last year's mid-term election, they are no longer dependent on Byrd, Eastland, and the other southern reactionaries for the votes to maintain party control of the Senate. At the same time, the vote seemed to demonstrate that Mr Eisenhower's popularity was markedly waning. Moreover, under the constitution, he cannot run for a third term, and the Democrats need no longer worry about pitting their popularity against his. Under these circumstances, northern liberals were confidently looking forward to a much more productive congressional session this year than the tedious minuets between the parties of recent years. Johnson, a Texas politician who reveres the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt but must make common cause with the Texas oil barons, is a man of extraordinary energy, vaulting ambition, and unusual flexibility in manoeuvre. He at first gave signs of adjusting his approach to the new conditions. He put forward a programme of legislative proposals calculated to arouse liberal enthusiasm.

All the winter hopes for legislative accomplishment have now shrivelled. When Mr Eisenhower launched his budget-cutting, strict economy campaign, Johnson soon concluded that the administration was closer to the public temper than his own party. With the economic recession easing off, Johnson decided the public would not sustain the Democrats if they allowed themselves to become labelled by the President as 'spenders'. Johnson began appearing before meetings of businessmen's organisations and assuring them the Democrats were better at budget-cutting than the administration. To the liberals in the party as well as to many independent conservatives such as Walter Lippmann, Johnson's short-run tactical approach was seriously delinquent because it failed to make clear to the public that greatly increased spending for schools, hospitals, government-subsidised housing, and other public ventures is needed and will soon be inescapable. Mr Eisenhower may try to act as if the waves can be held back by mere nay-saying and exhortations, but once he leaves office in January 1961 his lines in the sand will be washed out.

Johnson meanwhile came to a second and equally negative conclusion. He considered that the Democrats did not have the votes in Congress necessary to override presidential vetoes by a two-thirds majority. He urged the party to scale down its more ambitious bills to avoid a veto. He contends this course will create a winning image

for the Democrats as a party of moderate, responsible government. His critics counter that it will reduce the Democrats to Mr Tweedledee matching the President's Mr Tweedledum.

The divergence between Johnson and the liberals began to take public form four months ago when Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin attacked the leadership for failing to hold caucuses, and for determining parliamentary strategy in an autocratic, secretive fashion. Proxmire is one of the younger and less influential members of the Senate but he articulated widely-shared resentments. The controversy rumbled along as Johnson successively compromised or deleted the liberal features of bills to provide assistance to the unemployed, to reform taxes, and to subsidise airport construction. The climax was reached when, despite Johnson's attempts to 'veto proof' a major housing bill, Mr Eisenhower vetoed it as expensive and inflationary. Housing is a key issue for liberal Democrats from the slum-ridden northern cities. They cited the housing veto as proof of the President's insistence on total surrender and the consequent futility of Johnson's strategy of compromise and conciliation.

The Senate liberals have recently acquired an outside cheering section in the person of Paul Butler, the national party chairman, and the Democratic Advisory Council which he largely dominates. The party chairman in the American system is a person of no real power and is customarily preoccupied with routine money-raising and organisational chores. Butler, who has managed to stay in office for nearly five years – a longer tenure than any chairman has enjoyed since James A. Farley held sway two decades ago during the Roosevelt administration, has of late increasingly attempted to expand the area of his initiative. With no support from the hierarchs in Congress who normally usurp the voice of the party when it does not control the White House, Butler appointed the Advisory Council two years ago. It is made up predominantly of ex-President Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Averell Harriman, and other leaders of the liberal faction. In the past month, Butler – with the backing of the Advisory Council – has begun publicly prodding the Congressional leadership to abandon its moderate, conservative course and return to the liberal line of the official party platform. Johnson and his colleagues are incensed at this unprecedented intervention in what they regard as their exclusive legislative domain.

Johnson is still very much the man in control because he has his hands on the levers of power in the Senate and has the support of Speaker Rayburn, the boss of the House. But his control for the first time has been seriously challenged, his prestige impaired, and his prospects for his party's presidential nomination in 1960 irreparably damaged. The liberals who dissent from his management of Senate affairs are scarcely likely to tolerate his nomination by the convention. The open struggle for control of the Democratic Party in 1960 has now begun.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Westminster

The Hola Debate

If one had listened only to the speeches which came from the Conservative benches, one might have assumed that between the hours of 10.30 p.m. on Monday and 2.45 a.m. on Tuesday, a packed House of Commons was discussing some incident which had happened on the annual outing of a girl guide troop. Such phrases as 'rather foolish', 'most unfortunate' and 'error of judgment', which came off a series of Tory tongues, suggested that a somewhat short-tempered scoutmistress had smacked one of her Brownies a little too hard. One would never have imagined that the debate concerned the beating to death of 11 Mau Mau prisoners by warders in Kenya's Hola Camp, the wholly misleading statements made about these deaths by Kenya ministers and officials and the efforts, gradually revealed, of everyone in any way concerned to shuffle off the responsibility.

With one exception, Tory back-benchers seemed mainly concerned to defend the Kenya civil service and officials – whether these had authorised the beatings or carried out the beatings or had tried to convince the world that the victims had died not from the beatings but from drinking contaminated water. The one exception was Mr Enoch Powell, who, without trying to minimise the guilt of underlings who had acted under orders, took the responsibility some way up the ladder to the two Kenya ministers who had authorised the Cowan Plan, although they had been warned that the plan might lead to killing. Mrs Barbara Castle, in an equally devastating speech, placed the ultimate responsibility still higher, on the shoulders of the Colonial Secretary. Both these speeches made a deep impression on Labour members and on some Tories; but they made little impression on Mr Lennox-Boyd, who, as Sir Frank Soskice said at the end, rattled off at high speed his prepared attempt to defend the indefensible.

It may happen that the actual debate will not make the impression on the public that it should, because it took place at such a late hour. But the Opposition could not avoid that. For a variety of technical reasons, the last possible chance of debating the Hola reports was on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill when, traditionally, back-bench members may raise whatever questions seem to them to be urgent or important. When the Hola report was published, the Speaker, as he customarily does to give order to what might otherwise be a ragged debate, had already given priority to four subjects submitted to him and had allocated specified times for each debate. One subject (Mr Norman Dodds) was the protection of the customer; and another (Colonel George Wigg) was defence policy; and neither member was likely to give up his right to speak on a pet subject. But it happened that another chosen subject (Mr Dingle Foot) was that of detainees in prison camps. Foot was eager that this subject should refer specifically to Hola and, so that the debate might not be cut short by the Speaker's time limit, he was able to arrange that it should come on last. The late hour was the price paid for an extended debate.

What impressions came out of this debate? One was that a number of Tories had been horrified at events in Hola and were restive, though publicly still mute, at Lennox-Boyd's brash defence of the administration for which ultimately he is responsible. Another was that far more Tories would have been restive if the skins of the men beaten to death had been white instead of black; if, in the words of one Tory member (Sir John Peel), the victims had not been 'sub-human'. Another was that loyalty to subordinates is now the main principle which guides the Prime Minister in his increasingly contemptuous dealings with the House of Commons, and that he might stretch this loyalty to cover not only incompetence but even bad faith. A last personal impression, based partly on the back-bench speeches on Monday and partly on the remarkable speech on the Central African Federation delivered by Mr Hugh Gaitskell the previous week, was that a victory for Labour at the next election is the main hope for bringing Africans peacefully to self-government.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Street on Devlin

'Resign'. 'No Need to Resign'. So the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Mail* respectively in the headings to their leading articles on the Devlin Report. The ability of leader writers to digest at high speed long, detailed and widely-ranging documents and to draw authoritative – but completely contrary – judgments from them has long been an interesting Fleet Street phenomenon. It has seldom been demonstrated to better advantage than with the 146-page report of the Devlin Commission. Here is a report which one would have assumed any impartial judgment would acknowledge as of classic stature. The readers of the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* or *The Times* would hardly, however, judge so. There have, indeed, been few occasions when, apart from one or two admirable exceptions – and one all the more so for being so unexpected – the Conservative press has shown itself so determined to put the party first. The *Mail* did, it is true, permit itself to describe the report in a heading on an inside page as 'one of the most sensational attacks ever made on British colonial policy'. But its leader-writer did his best to convince the readers not to put any credence in such sub-editorial nonsense. 'Critics of the government's measures', he declared in his opening sentence, 'are given a complete answer in one sentence of the Devlin Report'. Since the Commission stated that, in the situation as it existed on 3 March, a state of emergency was inevitable, what, asked the *Mail*, was anyone worrying about? No doubt a few mistakes had been made. But 'on the main count' the government had been 'vindicated'.

The *Daily Express* agreed. 'A Grave Charge is Answered' it headed its leader. It went a little further than the *Mail* in actually admitting that some of the 'mistakes' made were 'grave', but produced the right bromide without difficulty at the end. *The Times* managed to go even better than its less sophisticated companions. It succeeded in being rather bored by the whole thing, producing what must be one of the most remarkable opening sentences ever to have appeared even in a *Times* leader: 'The first thought that occurs on reading the 146 pages of the Devlin report is whether there is any practical value in sending out to Africa commissions of this kind'. Warming to its work it then proceeded to the magisterial pronouncement: 'If it is expected that such a commission will gather much fresh information or even cast much illumination, then the conclusion would seem to be that it will not'. The *Daily Telegraph* had a higher opinion of the intelligence of its readers. Heading its leader 'No Plot but a Crisis', it understandingly did the best it could for the government it supports by claiming that it could derive 'limited' satisfaction from the report. But it pointed out that ministers 'have still to answer the charge that "unnecessary and therefore illegal force" was used', and urged that the report should 'be debated as a thoughtful and humane state paper'.

The *Mirror* once again demonstrated its ability to handle big issues in a large way. It devoted its whole front page to a map of Africa with superimposed on it: 'Macmillan's Day of Disgrace . . . The Murder Plot that Never Was . . . and the Cabinet Minister he Refuses to Sack'. To the report itself it devoted almost the whole of its centre spread; and the whole of Page 3 to a leading article – 'Africa: The Shocking Report' and to its Political Correspondent's report on ministers' reactions. Nor was the *News Chronicle* in any doubt. 'There are', it commented, 'few redeeming features of the tragic story the Devlin Blue Book tells'. That, too, seemed to be the opinion of the *Herald* – as of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose initial leader was, however, one of those masterpieces of on-the-one-hand-this and on-the-other-that which lately seem to be becoming more and more characteristic of the literary style of Cross Street. It did however conclude that the Colonial Secretary and the Governor ought to make way for others. But only – C. P. Scott must be sleeping uneasily in his grave – 'after an interval which would make it abundantly clear that they are not withdrawing under the Commission's or anyone else's fire'. However, by Monday the *Guardian* had recovered its nerve a little. Impelled by what it described as the 'insufferably self-righteous motion' of the government, it came out in a much more radical way. The *Daily Sketch* was the biggest – and most welcome surprise of all. For once it scarcely lagged behind the *Mirror* in demanding 'Now! No Whitewash' and in declaring that 'the Governor puts up a spirited case. But the weight of the report's evidence is dead against him'.

Two other papers require special mention in any survey of press treatment of the Devlin Report. One of course is the *Observer*. Its decision to devote the best part of ten pages to the report was a magnificent demonstration of responsible and inspired journalism of a kind of which perhaps it alone among newspapers is capable of these days. It put all its readers in its debt by so doing – one only hopes there were a number of *Times* readers among them. The other is the *Scotsman* which, stoutly preferring morality to the demands of party, presented its mainly Conservative readers with a masterly leading article, two columns long, in which it delivered the most crushing attack on the government's attitude to appear in any newspaper. 'Independent, fair, admirably judicial', the Commission's report, it declared, had given 'a masterly analysis of the political situation in Nyasaland', which ought to make it wholly out of the question for the government 'to try to ride out the storm and to pass off the Nyasland disturbance as a regrettable incident'. It put first among the requirements for regaining the confidence of the Africans in Nyasaland the resignation of Mr Lennox-Boyd; but added, 'the report is much too damaging to British prestige for anyone to exult in the government's mistakes'. It concluded with a question that carries far outside Scotland: 'Has the Prime Minister the imagination and vision to disentangle himself from party calculations and read aright the lessons of the report?'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Poor Family

They are 'the least well-off'. This is the phrase used by Mr Boyd-Carpenter to describe the two and a quarter million people on national assistance who, in September, are to get 'a share in our increasing prosperity.' *The Times*, commenting on this in a leading article a few days after the announcement was made in the House, suggested that the forthcoming increases will be a temptation to the 'casual' labourer who has a large family to shift from earnings to assistance. At present, *The Times* argues, this problem is still manageable, as there are only some 10,000 unemployed men with four or more children on the pay roll of the National Assistance Board; but what about the future when improvements in assistance rates may coincide with increased unemployment?

This problem (never publicly discussed) has been with us for many years; and it tends to be aggravated with each increase in national assistance rates. The continuous increase in the cost of living, not matched by regular increases in family allowances, puts more strain on the low-income large family than on any other section of the working community. National assistance rates are by no means generous, and they are not adjusted to increases in living costs until the existing rates have fallen some way behind the minimum considered necessary for subsistence. It is then that the discrepancy becomes most obvious. It is nonsense at such points to talk about the temptation for the labourer to shift from work to assistance; what needs considering instead is an appropriate rise in family allowances.

In the course of a recent social survey in Cardiff, I came across a number of families who permanently lived below what the National Assistance Board would consider subsistence level. The fathers are unskilled labourers who have no opportunity for overtime, bonus work, or priced jobs, and their weekly income is about £7 10s. What brings them below subsistence level is the fact that they have five or more children under 15. Family allowances have never been what Beveridge thought they should be, and the most recent increase of two shillings for the third and each subsequent child was made three years ago. At present the allowance of eight shillings for the second, and ten shillings for each further child is nowhere near the rates paid in benefits or allowances if the father were out of work.

Take, for example, the Smith family. Mr Smith is an unskilled factory labourer. He has no chance of overtime, and his pay packet, after deduction of his national insurance contribution, is about £7 a week. He has eight children, which entitles him to £3 8s. in family allowances. This brings his total income to £10 8s., of which 25s. are paid for rent, and another 25s. on the average for fuel and light. He pays three shillings on fares to work. This leaves £7 15s. for Mrs Smith to feed a family of ten people, to clothe them, to see to the household equipment, and to have a little extra for the children. No wonder *The Times* speaks of the temptation for such men as Mr Smith to shift from work to voluntary unemployment. What would he get in unemployment benefit and national assistance, if he really decided to give up work? First of all, what would he be entitled to? The two questions are not synonymous.

The National Assistance Board supplements unemployment benefits, and actual payments vary according to the ages of the children and the size of the rent. Mr Smith has two children under five, for whom the allowance would be 14s. 6d. He has three children between five and 11, for whom 17s. each would be paid, for for his three eldest children between 11 and 16 a pound each is allowed. For himself and his wife he would at present get £3 16s., and as it is normal practice for the NAB to meet the actual rent, he would get another 25s. This would be altogether £12 1s. per week while Mr Smith is unemployed. He would, indeed, be better off by £1 13s., and allowing for fares to work, wear and tear on clothes, free school meals for his children while he is out of work, and payment of medical expenses by the NAB, he would be considerably better off when out of work.

What actually happens is, of course, another story. To counteract this 'temptation' (i.e. the

desire to receive a subsistence income) the NAB has the power to adjust allowances in relation to the wages normally earned by the applicant. Paragraph 5 of the National Assistance (Determination of Needs) Regulation (1948) states: 'The need for assistance of an applicant . . . shall not, unless there are special circumstances, be determined at an amount which . . . would exceed the amount of his net weekly earnings if he were employed full-time in his normal occupation.' This regulation introduces the principle of the 'wages stop' as it is commonly referred to in computing allowances for applicants. It means, in fact, that as a rule allowances are adjusted to be some five to ten shillings below a man's normal spending wage, although the NAB empasises that in cases of 'special hardship' they will not strictly adhere to this regulation. In the case of Mr Smith, a deduction of some £2 per week would be made so that he would not find himself in a more advantageous position financially while unemployed. The dilemma of the NAB is obvious, and the way it is solved is the obvious way.

But should we allow a state of affairs to continue in which children are expected to be brought up on incomes which are sometimes well below subsistence level? Should the low-income earner be penalised merely because his family is larger than the national average? It may be said, that there are not many such families, and that it is not worth bothering about a small fraction of the population. It is difficult to make a correct estimate. Of the two and a quarter million or so unskilled labourers two per cent, that is about 45,000, have more than five children under 15 years old living with them. Not all of them, however, would be very low-income earners, and not all would qualify for the highest assistance allowances as they may have very young children. Even if only half came within the category, this would mean that over 100,000 children are at present living below subsistence level. But do numbers matter? If we agree on the principle that our welfare state provides a minimum for those in need, we should not let a single family struggle along on an income below that merely because family allowances are insufficient.

The case for an increase in family allowances is, indeed, imperative. There should be a sliding scale to allow for increased expenditure at higher ages, and behind that there should be an extra payment for each additional child so that the really large family would benefit. I suspect that a good many of what are now so unfortunately called 'problem families' have reached this stage primarily because they have to manage permanently on an income beneath subsistence level. We would save a lot of public expense in carrying along these families if we raised family allowances. Social workers now tend to handle these 'problem families' as psychiatric casualties, as maladjusted or immature personalities, without first making sure that it is not perhaps insuperable material difficulties that have brought about frustration situations. This is symptomatic; are we not all to some extent obsessed by the myth of the welfare state, in which all is well and the needy are looked after? The alertness of the critical observer, and, indeed, a sense of social justice are fast disappearing, and people become preoccupied with 'mental health' instead. Unless we remain aware of our radical traditions and unless we continually exercise our sense of social justice, we shall soon reach the state of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and in that brave new single-party world there will be plenty of time to discuss the state of our mental health and preoccupy ourselves with adjustment to existing conditions.

HARRIETT WILSON

London Diary

I HOPE the BBC will repeat the film of the Nixon-Krushchev cross-talk act. If the issues between Russia and America were less serious this would have been a richly comic moment. Krushchev, sure of himself, playing to the gallery of Russian spectators, barely waiting for Nixon to finish a sentence before trying to score another point. Nixon, playing the straight man, polite, rather embarrassed and rarely managing to parry Krushchev's thrusts. I see that Alistair Cooke reports that Americans thought Nixon came off well from the encounter. Perhaps he did, in terms of protocol; he certainly retorted in phrases that most Americans would approve. When you strip away the banter, such a bizarre encounter, displayed to everyone who can watch TV, is most revealing. It shows us the real faces behind the diplomatic masks. What a different view we might have of other great men if TV had preserved for us, for instance, the chat between Napoleon and Alexander on the raft at Tilsit, or even the dreadful witticisms that Churchill and Roosevelt must have exchanged with Stalin.

* * *

The author of Genesis was a moralist who attributed Eve's disobedience to sinful curiosity. Had he been a politician or an anthropologist, concerned with social motivation in primitive communities, he would probably have argued that an inclination to eat apples, especially when offered by serpents, implies some degree of hunger. Thinkers have been divided between these two schools of thought throughout history. The Churches, the authoritarians and conservatives have commonly explained evil by original sin, while the libertarians, the reformers and Socialists have held that human behaviour (even if not human nature) can be changed by changes of the environment. One of the few advances of a scientific age is that we are no longer bound to believe wholly in one school or the other. Authority admits that people may be made happier by reforms, while the reformers agree that the Abbé St Pierre, Bentham, Robert Owen and the rest were over optimistic about human perfectibility. So today we are capable of quantitative argument about nature and nurture, personal sin and social responsibility.

* * *

This little disquisition is prompted by a remark of the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolitan Area in his Report for 1958. He says: 'The basic causes of crime have been the same for centuries, but perhaps the most distressing feature of the rise in crime today lies in the fact that neither the absence of real poverty nor the progressive methods employed in dealing with delinquents appears to have done anything to reduce the volume of crime'. My first comment here is that if we are talking in terms of centuries it is undeniable that crime has become less frequent and less savage with better living standards and milder punishments. Whether the present recession – assuming there is one – represents a real setback, or is only a temporary function of social dislocation, we don't yet know. It is far too soon to judge of the effects of recent progressive methods of dealing with criminals. My other comment is that criminal statistics are highly suspect. Is crime increasing or are better records being kept – or is it that the police are getting more reports? It pays the newspapers to write up every murder and sex-crime that occurs. Bill Sykes, wandering desperately on Hampstead Heath, never made the headlines; he hadn't a fast car for the get-away.

* * *

Remember that police records are at the mercy of the most capricious of all sources of information – the man in the street, the shopkeeper, the householder; the more his crime-consciousness is fanned by the publicity that sells newspapers, holds TV audiences, and exorts people officially to join anti-larceny campaigns, the more crimes he will think worth reporting. Moreover the police themselves, not necessarily proof against this contagion and exceptionally exposed to it, may be led to record some of the facts reported to them in graver classes than they merit – robbery or shopbreaking for what is really a simple theft, unlawful wounding for minor assault, and so on. Perhaps because one has come to expect that this year's crime figures will always be a bit worse than last year's, no one seems to have noticed that there were 1,283 fewer London convictions for drunkenness. My own belief is that crime is a fairly static problem and will remain so despite anything we can do – despite, in particular, our treatment of the criminal – for a good many years to come. There are other motives for penal reform than an immediate reduction in the crime figures.

* * *

Where we can speak with some certainty is about a change in the age-grouping of criminality. Group violence, of course, is not in any way new. But in *Romeo and Juliet*, the murdering factions included the fathers as well as the sons. In *West Side Story* the gangs are made up of teenagers and we wait for our sociologists to record what happens to young gangsters – those, I mean, who if they have not been to jail by the time they are 25. The novelty is that at an age when earlier generations were growing out of playing at Red Indians or cops-and-robbers, some teenagers now leave off pretending and actually get together to beat up Negroes or Jews or rival gangs – apparently just for the hell of it. Police Commissioner Simpson is certainly right here; we used to think that poverty had something to do with hooliganism just as we assumed that prostitution was largely economic in origin. Punishment, lenient or severe, offers no solution because gangs develop a group loyalty with a private set of sanctions and values; the police are enemies and punishment is one of the risks a gangster runs and boasts of either evading or bearing without a squeal.

* * *

I look forward to meeting Dr Mohammed Hatta this week, when he comes to this country as the guest of the Co-operative movement. Like Nehru, whom he most resembles of that generation of nationalist leaders, he had a western education (at college in Holland) and, like Nehru, he was present at the famous League against Imperialism Congress in Brussels in 1926 – and he was arrested for being ahead of his times and spent some years in prison. Of the triumvirate of Indonesian nationalism – Sjahrir and Sukarno are the others – Dr Hatta was the economic expert. Sukarno hypnotised the masses – and still does. Sjahrir was the intellectual, aloof from them. Hatta was never a spellbinder, but is universally respected and regarded as a father of the revolution. Since he parted company with President Sukarno who, unhappily many would think, has not made use of his services in guiding democracy, he has lectured and written unceasingly on the need for a co-operative system, which he believes would be the soundest basis for Indonesian economy and which would alone give the people the self-confidence they need after being colonial hirelings. So Hatta accepted an invitation to study Scandinavian co-ops.

'Behind the Jewish claims against Germany there lurks a vast, global Communist plot' . . . 'Jewry, through its domination of the press and the vast coverage provided by films and TV, has succeeded in making the masses believe that the Germans exterminated 6,000,000 Jews during the second World War. By means of this fairy story Germany is being coerced into paying out tremendous sums in compensation' . . . 'The death of Anne Frank is not only a Zionist but also a Communist fake; those responsible for making the film were Communists – all of them appeared before the Congressional committee investigating un-American activities.' I take these snippets of information from *Hidfo*, a Hungarian 'refugee' journal published from No 81 Fulham Park Gardens, London, printed in Munich, edited by a Mr Joseph Süli, and packed with the crudest examples of anti-Semitism that I've seen since the death of Julius Streicher. It seems to be the work of a group of right-wing emigré Hungarian journalists to whom Communism, Jews, Dr Adenauer, Mr Bernard Baruch, Sir Winston Churchill, and Anne Frank are merely aspects of a world-wide conspiracy to vilify national socialism. It has agents (or says it has) in Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, France, New Zealand, and the United States. To me it comes as a useful reminder that there can still be a readership for this nasty kind of propaganda. It could still be dangerous for us to forget.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Smaller houses and the higher price of books today discourage most people from building up a large library of their own. The tendency is to depend more and more on the public and commercial libraries. Yet every household should have its basic reference books available for consultation at a moment's notice. Apart from their usefulness they are as civilised and decorative a possession as television and wireless sets. – *Good Housekeeping*. (A. A. Montgomery).

Lately she has been bringing home some rather strangé young men who do not speak to my husband and myself at all. They play Bartok and Ella Fitzgerald very loudly until late at night and sometimes drink my husband's beer.

We were hoping to send our daughter to a university, but now she says she wants to give up the idea and be a model. Where have I gone wrong? – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (M. Pearson.)

The inspector presiding at the enquiry, Mr V. D. Joll, asked: 'Will there be any free water closets?'

Mr Hudson: 'Sir, all water closets in Hampstead are free.'

A member of the public: 'So we ratepayers are paying for the convenience of people who may come from other boroughs?' – *Hampstead and Highgate Express*. (Stephen Swingler.)

American Policemen

I am now being asked what I was lately asking American citizens: 'What do you think of American policemen?' Put by an Englishman, this question usually means either the New York City Police or the FBI; but there are more than 40,000 police forces in the United States and I saw about six of them. Contrasts abound: the most instructive are perhaps those between the Californian forces, the New York City force, and the police in England.

Outward appearances first. In the American West, the policemen still have rather the look of frontiersmen, plus the militia-like trappings of the early US cavalrymen. Compared with the New York cop, the man in Los Angeles and San Francisco is much more smartly turned out – even if, as I noticed in the latter city, this entails the wearing of a pistol, holster, cartridge belt and jack boots while repainting white lines on the road. He is also, I should say, a better shot and of tougher physique. The shooting to be seen at the palatial Los Angeles Police Academy, which regularly turns out the crack American marksmen, is something to make you rub your eyes; while the physical training given to recruits is of the make-or-break kind, carried, I thought, to the very borders of sanity. Watching them drilling violently in a sun temperature of 115 degrees, a 'laggard' being picked out every now and then to do a punitive solo run round the perimeter of the drill ground, I was told that a good many of them failed to stay the three months' course. I recognise that I should have been one of these. But the survivors come out looking very smart.

The New York policeman, on the other hand, stands about with a listlessness that may be intended to lull and deceive. He has a floppy cap, a short-sleeved shirt, trousers hitched up too high, and a midriff that is so swollen by gun-holster, cartridges, handcuffs, pocket books and other furniture that shapelessness has won an easy victory over smartness. The average senior police officer in this country, knowing relatively little of police duty in really hot weather and high humidity, would itch to send some of these men into the station to smarten themselves up. New York policemen tend to say of each other that they can't shoot straight, in which, if it is true, they may now be acquiring a British trait or, to put it another way, going civilised. They seem, in addition, more popular with the public than the police in California; and, to judge from one incident I saw in Harlem, they are as skilful in handling an excited crowd with tact and good humour, and therefore with success, as the most experienced and tolerant *posse* of London bobbies.

Most American police forces have a disciplinary regulation that forbids any policeman to be without his gun at any time, on or off duty. The New York men carry a heavy Smith and Wesson revolver on duty and a smaller version in their leisure hours. If a policeman takes his wife to the cinema, or to church, or to see his Aunt Edna, he takes his gun. He puts it in a bedside drawer at night. Occasionally a cop on his annual two weeks' holiday is found in another state carrying a 'concealed' weapon and arrested. (It is the concealment, not the possession, that is ordinarily against the law – you could lawfully walk about in most American cities carrying a rifle.) Telephoned explanations clear him, but he is then asked not to carry the gun until he gets back to his own district, where alone he is a 'constable'.

A recent research carried out by Dr Donal E. J. MacNamara, Dean of the New York Institute of Criminology, showed a high rate of fatal accidents with revolvers in police stations and in the private households of members of the force – children having shot each other with their fathers' guns, and the fathers themselves sometimes committing suicide. A schoolteacher from Springfield, Massachusetts, told me that a small girl in her class recently announced that another little girl had a revolver in her desk. When it was confiscated, the second child said she had brought it to school to shoot one of the less popular mistresses, but that she must now return it to her father, who was a policeman and would be looking for it.

The New York police, who are instructed to draw their weapons only when 'absolutely unavoidable', are nevertheless told that, having drawn, they must shoot to kill. It is no doubt by tragic experience that they have learned the futility of trying to shoot a gunman merely to disable. I met no policeman who could see sanity in disarming a police force, and most of them clearly thought the British police, who were mad enough in any case not to carry firearms habitually, were madder still to rely, on the rare occasions when they did arm themselves, on automatic pistols.

Both East and West, US policemen exercise much more authority in the invasion of private premises than would be tolerated in England. Apart from bars and licensed cafes, to which our own constables have (though they use it sparingly) a pretty wide statutory right of entry, it seems that they go into fun-fairs, amusement arcades, ten-cent dance halls, and drug stores whenever they think a look round might yield results, although none of the manuals of instruction that I have seen gives any apparent authority for going in without a warrant.

Every system of law must repose great discretionary powers in its policemen, and put up with the inevitable consequence that they will be most rigorous against the offenders whom they most detest. American policemen detest, perhaps above all and certainly with reason, the kidnapper and the pedlar of drugs; and they do not trouble to deny that their rigour in ensuring the conviction of these offenders sometimes takes the form of violence. One lieutenant told me, without apparent disapproval: 'Violence in that kind of case has become almost institutionalised. For example the cop knows that polite questioning in the kidnapping case may allow time for the death of the victim. A drug pedlar won't get beaten up if he's some half crazy addict, which they often are, but if he's one of these stone-cold bastards vending drugs to school-kids and he knows where the supply is kept or who the big-time people are, why then there are certainly policemen who will make him talk'.

As in England, perhaps more than in England (where it is diminishing), there is antagonism between the uniformed men and the detectives. Often facetiously expressed, it is nevertheless founded on the real distaste, not to call it jealousy, with which the patrolman regards his lime-lit colleagues in plain clothes; and it is always easy to find disapproval of detective methods, to say nothing of loftier ideals, among the uniformed ranks, where the more urgent problems of detection, arrest, prosecution, and self-justification less often present themselves. It is easier, too, for the uniformed cop to maintain a good relation with the public, though – as in England – some American policemen try harder at it than others. It is no doubt more difficult for the state police and the highway patrols than it is for the police of the cities; and this leads to the belief, as to the truth of which I have no first-hand information, that it is easier to square a city cop than a state one.

Policemen do not talk readily about corruption, except when the discussion turns upon other organised bodies; but I think I learned enough from policemen in Los Angeles and New York to sustain a belief that whatever corruption now exists in those cities, it is not of great significance. It will take a long time to convince the average American citizen of this, since he still regards all authority as probably corrupt (except, emphatically, the FBI, the Alcohol Tax Unit, and the

Bureau of Narcotics). Americans seem to have been deeply shocked by our Brighton police case last year – 'What's gone wrong over there, the one country where the cops can't be squared?'

The American police are outspoken about court decisions that go against them, and they have a large number of glossy police magazines to be outspoken in. They are all disturbed about the new libertarianism (this is not what they call it) flowing down from the US Supreme Court, and a typical example of what they think was provided for them recently by Judge Charles T. Smith in the Long Beach Municipal Court. They reprinted it in the *Los Angeles Police Beat*. Judge Smith had before him a burglar who had failed, on his release from prison on parole, to register with the police as required by Section 4160 of the Municipal Code of Long Beach City. The burglar's attorney argued that Section 4160 violated the 14th amendment of the US constitution, because the burglar didn't know he had to register and therefore the element of intent was missing from the offence. The US Supreme Court had laid down precedents favourable to this submission in exactly similar cases, in one of which (a Los Angeles case) it had said that proof of 'actual knowledge of the duty to register and subsequent failure to comply are necessary before a conviction may stand'. Brushing this aside, Judge Smith said he felt 'impelled to do so because of the dangers inherent in the current course of judicial decisions'. Thus another case begins its long journey to the Supreme Court, whose main recent offence, in police eyes, has been its decisions in *People v. Cahan* that 'evidence which is obtained as a result of an illegal search and seizure must be excluded', and in *People v. Priestly* that 'in order to justify a search and seizure without a warrant, police officers must disclose the identity of an informer on whose information they relied in making the search'.

Our police have their difficulties, but there is nothing like this to cramp them. What it suggests, and the comparison with which I end, is that, if you go beyond a certain point in putting legal shackles on the police, they may resort to unlawful methods to produce the results constantly demanded of them; and even that the closer your laws approximate to a declaration of individual rights, the less they will reflect what is going on in police stations. Many of the Supreme Court decisions ring like 18th-century New England speeches. But they are probably making it nicer to fall into police hands in this country than over there.

C. H. Rolph

The Writ

A good many Highlanders have a theory that, when something nasty turns up, as it is almost bound to, the workings of Providence being what, unhappily, they are, the best thing to do is to shut one's eyes for a bit and not think about it. Then perhaps it will have gone away when one next looks. This theory sometimes works out quite well; but sometimes it doesn't. And the next thing that happens may be worse than the first.

So it comes about that Postie turns up with a registered letter: 'what at all will this be?' For it is a queer kind of letter, in fact a nasty and frightening letter, and what can a decent, peaceable person have done to deserve it? After turning the thing upside down and sideways, one is driven to the conclusion that this must be a writ.

To those who have never before had a writ served on them, the whole thing is a trifle disconcerting. Perhaps, indeed, it is meant to be. But how much more disconcerting it is to those who are not even moderately familiar with the alarming words of Scottish legal jargon. The writ begins as it might have begun in the 15th century, by the Pursuers craving the Court (let us hope on bended knee) to grant warrant to arrest on the dependence. Arrest? Now, there is a nasty, frightsome kind of word, calling to mind the queer doings of the police, who always like to be interfering with the rest of us. But perhaps we should not let it worry us over much, for it may have come about through a too literal translation out of dog-latin. The Condesendence follows, that is to say the general gist of the matter. But it would look more appropriate, surely, written in a thoroughly crabbed mediaeval hand on vellum, instead of being a rather messy, typewritten bottom copy.

We now come on to what the Sheriff Clerk does. It is he who grants Warrant to cite the Defenders, not, unhappily, by blawing of ane gret wode-horne or the like, but by serving a copy of the Writ and Warrant upon an induciae of seven days. Now that is a teaser. Had he served it upon a platter strewn with bay leaves, or, seeing it is between enemies, upon the blade of a naked sword, that would have been quite intelligible. But an induciae? Animal, vegetable or mineral? He goes on to appoint the Defenders, if they intend to defend, to lodge a Notice of Appearance, something which, one would have supposed, could only be done by a ghost, within the induciae under certification of being held as confessed. That has a nasty ring of the Inquisition about it. Surely no true-born son of John Knox is going to confess?

There follows the Citation of Defender, requiring an answer to the foregoing writ and warrant. It ends with the cryptic remark that the induciae is reckoned from 24 hours after date of posting, that is to say from tea-time the day before yesterday, since Highland posts are not so rapid as those in great cities such as Edinburgh. It is signed by the Agent for Pursuer, who has, one is glad to note, a fine flourishing signature. It is disappointing that there are no seals. You would have thought that all this deserved at least one large red one with a good outstanding coat of arms.

After all this has been disentangled, all that it really says is that there has been a slip-up and it will cost rather more than if the thing had been paid earlier. But what was the point of all the gobbledegook and what does it mean to most of those who get such things? One would suppose that they are essentially what the Chinese used to call Frightful Face, but what nowadays we tend to call defensive preparations. Their object is to create alarm and despondency. It is a little questionable whether they really succeed. Clearly a lot of these peculiar words go right over the heads of some of their readers, merely creating a slight haze. Many people would be much more frightened by a pithy use of the vernacular. But the words do have one effect. Almost every recipient will say to himself that it would be best, surely, to get one of these same lawyer fellows that can make head or tail of the things, just in case there might be something in it, and maybe, even, a need to be answering it in the same kind of daft language.

Now that is an example of excellent strategy by one of the oldest, closest and most powerful trade unions that exist, and it is perhaps one of the reasons why that trade union does not enjoy any very frenzied popularity with the rest of the community. Nor is this the only country in which such things occur. Whether the undoubted historical interest of the language quite makes up for its obscurity, is a question which might be argued.

The awkward thing is that, even if the first impulse is to say one has seen plenty of yon things and no heed should be taken, it becomes more and more apparent that something will really have to be done before the end of the seven days. It will just not be possible to shut one's eyes any longer, nor yet to take to the hills. In fact the best thing will probably be to take what may be called the necessary steps, in the hope of being rapidly and completely assoilzied.

Naomi Mitchison

Going on Holiday?

Do not rely on picking up a New Statesman *wherever you go. If you are holiday-making off the beaten track we will post your copy to you each Thursday night; simply send us your address (in block letters) and* 1s. *per copy. If you are staying at home, place an order with your newsagent.*

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

Dublin Attitudes

I have related that on my first visit to Dublin I was approached by members of the Tourist Board with the suggestion that I go to Galway and Aran. But before I got away I was invited to a wedding. 'I am afraid I'll be in Aran,' I said, even though the words were said without too much conviction. This wedding was two days away, and all my money was dwindling. However, I kept moving about from house to house, sleeping on a variety of divans and sofas, and continually finding myself in the middle of the sort of drama which is inseparable from the Irish way of life. That is to say, nothing is what it appears to be and all of it has that touch of theatre expressly concocted for the eye and ear of the visiting foreigners. But, through my peregrinations, I was able to make certain observations on manners and customs. For example, the Irishman is really a solitary, fairly cynical, and entrenched in his own kind of materialisms, and although the myth of Irish carousal and hyperbole continues its incarnations at every gathering, it is something outside the personality, an aura of paradox and alcohol which cannot be allowed to die out.

Again and again I have been present when the Irish are saying good-bye to their friends, and the reason that it takes such an enormous time to wrench themselves away, hats, bags and umbrellas picked up and put down again, doors shut and opened and shut, embraces and pledges renewed, is simply that they are protracting the moment of infinite pleasure when they actually depart and are by themselves again. The protraction can go to such limits that groups of mortal enemies may remain together in apparent amity for weeks or even months, and in some extreme cases marry.

This brings me to the position of women in Ireland, or at least in the city of Dublin, which, though by no means an international capital, has evolved habits of conduct of its own. Whatever anyone may think to the contrary, the Irishman is no romantic, and the hugely sentimental songs (which they all love singing until the tears pour down their cheeks) are the product of Broadway Jewry and concern old white-haired mothers waiting for their errant sons among the potatoes,

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and the smiling eyes of colleens swearing eternal love. Then there are the poems at the foot of the page in the local newspapers glorifying the bliss of the married state, obviously written by sweating sub-editors in their shirt sleeves who haven't set eyes on their wives for a week. Not that old white-haired mothers in Dublin are notoriously badly treated, or that the average wife is beaten more than once or twice a week. And in all truth, the women are given enough to eat and wives are referred to with enormous veneration and respect, In fact the foreigner in Dublin may consider himself pretty well accepted when someone invites him to 'meet the wife'.

The first time I did this I was driven a little outside the city and on arriving in the house was greeted with such a storm of abuse that I almost staggered backwards. Somehow or other I had been identified with my host. The children screamed and a picture fell off the wall. It happened to be a portrait of his mother, a gentle, sweet-faced lady who filled the room with a fantasy of violets.

'This is my mother,' said my host in a patient voice, almost the voice of a martyr, and replaced it gently and tenderly on the wall. I was unable to repress a nervous giggle and he eyed me fairly grimly. 'Say a word against her and you will bitterly regret it,' he said.

I had already seen him crushing empty Guinness cans with his bare hand, and the giggle subsided in my throat. 'My wife is a noble and wonderful woman,' he continued, pointing towards her, 'she is the mother of my children, can make lace, grow exquisite roses and sing like an angel.'

'Of course,' I said. But this eulogy was met by a further and more vitriloic tempest of acrimony from the lady herself. It became apparent that he husband, who was swaying gently on his feet, had not been near the house for a fortnight. The argument grew fiercer, and my host's wife threatened to leave with the children.

'Not my mother's picture,' said my host, still in a gentle voice, 'And whatever you do, remember I will always be here.' He was a fine-looking man and his face expressed great nobility and resignation. Later, amid lamentations, he and I left for the mountains, and he maintained a terrible silence.

As time wore on I came to the conclusion that the scene had mostly been engendered by a desire to impress the foreigner, to both fool and delight him with an exhibition of so-called 'Irishness'. Not that I was intended to laugh, which in any of these circumstances is a fatal thing to do, but to play some sort of minor character. Unfortunately, I did laugh, somewhere high up in the mountains, and my host started to crush Guinness tins with his bare hands again. However sophisticated the Dubliner may be, even if he is a poet, he will not accept ridicule as a reward for his most heightened eccentricities. The performance is all, and human dignity is all.

Another and most important facet of the Irish temperament (shared to a certain extent by all Gaels, with the exception of the go-getting temperament of the Scots) is the awareness of one other, the facility to burrow into the tunnels of the psyche, past the barrage of persiflage and metaphor. This can be an uncomfortable process, and one to be resisted by as many defences as can be summoned. Who on earth, except a saint or a reformed smuggler, wishes to declare the 'I'? It is a piece of baggage the creative man should dispense with as quickly as possible, whatever the Zen Buddhists or the hemp-addicts may say. As an instance, I recall a gentleman I would like to refer to as Malone. He was one of those remarkable Dublin business-men who never appear to do any business, who are continually well-dressed, quote from Joyce and pat all 'characters' on the back with charming smiles. Yet they possess that vast sort of melancholy which is possibly only shared in a similar way by the Galician Spaniard who is ready to commit murder when the wind blows in the wrong direction.

In some way or other I got entangled with Malone while he was eating a huge garnished steak and waiting for wine, which in Dublin, after 'hours', appears at capricious moments, according to the whim of the proprietor or the exigencies of the police. He was accompanied by an actress and, perhaps because of that fact, his eyes fenced for mine, found them, and started to burrow. I tried my best to resist, I was absolutely exhausted, I had spent practically two nights without sleep, I had suffered hours of those eternal protracted goodbyes, but it was useless. Even the wine didn't appear.

'So you are Carson,' he said.

'Certainly,' I said.

'Carson,' he went on, 'Carson, the cynic, the heartless one, the metallic butterfly, the international tough.'

'Desist!' cried the actress.

'I'll tell you what,' cried my new friend, 'you'd burst into tears if anyone dropped a tea-cup.' With a numbed brain, I felt round for a sword. I was half asleep, the world was spinning, my head was full of Dublin sea-gulls.

'If you dropped a tea-spoon,' I said. Then, luckily, the wine appeared.

Malone, the actress and I drove off into the night. I didn't know where. I fell asleep and when I woke up the clocks had stopped, the first birds were singing in the gardens. We drove up to a magnificent hotel and rang for the night porter. 'You can stay here,' said Malone, waving his hand and rattled off into the dawn.

'That'll be two pounds ten,' said the night porter; 'what will you require for breakfast?' I invented the most enormous breakfast I could imagine. I now had five shillings left. 'And how long will you be staying?' he asked.

'I'm leaving for Aran tomorrow,' I said.

ANTHONY CARSON

WAR ON WANT

In Morocco and Tunisia 200,000 refugees are adrift in the rocky sands.
They are mainly in two groups . . . old folk and children. Only 400 can be tented if they are ill. Sickness and hunger are everywhere. The food is not enough to feed both groups and as a matter of policy the children are given enough to keep them in fair condition but the old people are only getting enough to keep them from dying.
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The Arts and Entertainment

Romantic Notebook - I

It's with a kind of shame-faced surprise that I now realise how great a painter Constable was. Shame-faced because after all one ought to have realised it before. In this exhibition at the Tate he shares the honours with Goya – born thirty years earlier. (Incidentally, the fashion for not learning dates is disastrous; comparative dates are an unfailing stimulus to thought. I only discovered the other day that the Danish astronomer Römer was the first man to suggest that light was not instantaneous but had a fixed velocity. This was in 1675. Rembrandt died in 1669.)

It was a good idea to hang the sketches for the *Leaping Horse* and *Salisbury Cathedral* next to the finished canvasses. I must say I agree with Constable's contemporaries rather than his later admirers: the finished versions seem to me much better. Admittedly the sky in the final *Leaping Horse* has gone a bit steamy, but the organisation of the painting as a whole is so much tauter. Constable constructed his landscapes much more than people think – he didn't just tear leaves out of nature. What misleads people is the extraordinary skill with which he painted landscape surfaces, comparable to Rubens's skill in painting flesh. And landscape surfaces are of course a question of light. The light in a Constable masterpiece is like water dripping off the gunwale of a boat as it drives through the sea. It suggests the way the whole scene is surging through the day, dipping through sun and cloud. By comparison the light of most other landscape painters is either like a fountain, playing prettily up and down for no purpose, or like water running flatly out of a tap.

Compare the Constables with the landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich, who seems to have impressed many visitors. The Friedrichs are indeed admirable. But for almost entirely negative reasons. He looked at the German landscape with a kind of artless honesty. Wordsworth would surely have admired him. And through his eyes we look at the pine-forests in the snow or the bare hill in the dusk, and say to ourselves, 'How such scenes humble us, how little the mark we make upon them'. Whereas in front of a Constable we are aware of mastery – like seeing a mountain through the eyes of a man who has climbed it. In art it isn't just the moral virtue of humility that is needed – if it were, Friedrich would be a master; rather it is a healthy respect for the difficulties of the job, a caution maintained in order to achieve victory, not just a turning of the other cheek.

* * *

My personal *bêtes noires:* Samuel Palmer with his landscapes like furnished wombs; Landseer's *The Hunting of Chevy Chase* – like fox furs (if they were now in fashion) at a cocktail party round a tired social lion; Wright of Derby's portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby with his long, gauche body reclining on the grass, his suede volume and his face like a stupid widow's in a Restoration comedy, but even more like a representative of the British Council; Etty expiring on the body of *Hero Expiring on the Body of Leander.*

* * *

The two most difficult pictures to appreciate – the equestrian portraits by David of Napoleon and Stanilas-Kostka Potocki. All that once told for them, now tells against them – the heroic prance, the manes like the locks of Greek goddesses, the

tailoring and the grooming. But what paintings they are! They move me as they once moved Léger and as Légers move me now. In these pictures even the shadows fall for man. They have a clarity which inspires supreme confidence. This clarity is the result of their formal organisation in an almost abstract sense. But the all-important difference between these and literally abstract works is that here the order has been imposed on reality. As soon as a system of geometry ceases to explain the phenomena we know, it has to be discarded. Geometry is concerned with patterns, but the last thing it is, is pattern-making.

* * *

In the gallery of portraits there is only one man who is not posing: Don Ramon Satue, painted by Goya. All the others act; he watches. The drama is within himself. I cannot fully explain how Goya expresses his extraordinary psychological insight, an insight which separates him from all his contemporaries and all his predecessors. That is to say, I don't know how he communicates his discoveries *through* his painting. It is as if Goya were never in front of his subject, but always behind it – as if he were disinterested for himself, invisible, yet always present and profoundly involved – like a ghost. In this way he shows us prisoners demonstrating all the few movements that are possible when your ankles and wrists are manacled; two soldiers carting off a woman to rape her, the front one carrying her legs like an awkward, over-heavy mattress; a young girl on a balcony beside an old woman, the differences between them not just those which any man would notice, but rather those caused by the young girl's idea of herself. No one is aware of Goya. He doesn't even haunt us. He simply shows us our own breath on the mirror.

JOHN BERGER

The Eyes Have It?

THERE will soon be an opportunity to test the validity of some of the arguments used in a familiar debate, in which I have taken part on several occasions. I remember thinking that the effect of *Under Milk Wood* was more potent on radio (for which it was written) than on TV: its language liberated and stimulated the 'inner eye' of the imagination, whereas a visual interpretation however admirable, inevitably tended to limit the imagination's wanderings.

Last week, on the Home Service, the BBC broadcast a ballad opera, *My People and Your People*, by Geoffrey Bridson (assisted by Andrew Salkey), which has been praised, deservedly, as one of radio's most notable recent productions – perhaps the most notable, in its quasi-documentary *genre*, since *The Ballad of John Axon*. I gather that this new work was accepted by the BBC for production both on sound and on TV, and that we shall see the TV version in a few months' time. It will be interesting to try to assess the respective impacts of the two versions, and to see what changes seem necessary to Mr Bridson and his colleagues.

Whereas *John Axon* described a particular and actual event, and living people contributed to it under their own names, *My People* sets fictitious characters in a real and agonising contemporary problem, in its most acute and local form. Its main characters are a West Indian youth and his sister who come to London because they believe that it is 'paved with gold' and a young white man, a Scot, who falls in love with the coloured girl. They are involved in the squalor, prejudices, and hatreds of the only district in which the West Indians can get a room (at £6 a week) – Notting Hill. The climax is a horrifying, and brilliantly produced, riot – with Fascists chanting 'The spades, the spades, we gotta get rid o' the spades', teds with chains, fire-bombs crashing through windows, a pandemonium of Negro and white voices, police whistles, and ambulance-bells.

It will be seen that *My People* is rather different from the conventional 'ballad opera' – a term suggestive of gentle romantic whimsy. It is, however, truly so called, for, despite its realism of dialogue and production, it is essentially romantic – romantic both in the tenderness and sadness of its simple boy-meets-girl story and in its (I fear) too facile and optimistic happy ending. The ballads, too, occur as frequently as the numbers in any musical; and the fortunate chance that the Scottish boy runs a skiffle-group (and is played by Ewan MacColl) means that West Indian and Scottish folk-songs alternate agreeably. Some of these are authentic and well-known, some are less well-known; some have new words.

Several of London's best-known West Indian artists – Cy Grant, Edric Connor and others – were in this production. Ernest Eytte, better known as a cricket commentator, played (rather too genially?) an avaricious coloured landlord, and sang a song in praise of the lolly. Of all those taking part, Nadia Cattouse, as the girl from Jamaica was the most moving, her singing and her speaking voice alike being like the best mead.

Mr Connor played a part probably necessary in the radio version – the linking narrator, sometimes as sententious as a Greek chorus and, at the end, almost too didactic and uplifting. The 'lesson' of a propaganda play is more effective if it is implicit in action and dialogue, rather than explicit, and the audience are obliged to work it

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out for themselves. On TV, this commentary may not be needed for clarity and continuity; and vision will enable us more easily to distinguish the various characters. There will be some obvious gains: I wanted very much to see what Miss Cattouse looked like. On the other hand, the riot sequence can hardly be more powerful than it was last week: it will need the most expert production. (Rudolph Cartier could do it: so, on his handling of another sort of riot in *Shadow of Heroes*, could Michael Barry himself.)

Two suggestions: repeat the radio version just before *My People* is done on TV; publish an LP disc of the radio version. By a long-pre-LP restrictive agreement with the gramophone companies, the BBC cannot: some company ought to.

TOM DRIBERG

The Censor Won't Allow

IN sunny California, in San Quentin, it is the death chamber and the death hour. The condemned woman, who has insisted on being masked, is led into the sealed cabin, nearly all windows so that the scores of pressmen may gaze in. She is seated. She is told by one of the executioners that when she hears the tablets drop – these mingling will produce the gas – she should begin counting ten. 'It's easier that way.' She makes a mistake, hears the beginning of the slow mechanism grinding, begins to count, then stops. . . . Later the gas rises – so slowly! – and, struggling, she drowns in it. This is the climax of *I Want to Live* (London Pavilion), but English audiences will never see it because the Censor has cut out the climax of this harsh factual film whose aim is to impress upon us the torture inflicted by the law and the death sentence in California. I have not seen it myself. My witness for the excised scene is a fellow critic in whose accuracy and sound judgment in the matter I put complete trust.

As Shaw, attacking the censorship in the Nineties, incontrovertibly argued, it isn't the trifling, appetite-seeking pieces that get objected to, but the serious ones: Ibsen, in point. The censorship then boggled at sex; now it's horror and violence. But the same principle is still at work: stop the serious jolt, let pass the casual incitement. So, in the last few months, the Film Censor has let pass, in *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, resurrection of corpses, arms, brains all bloody, sparkling on the knifer's table; in *Horrors of the Black Museum*, decapitation, the jugular vein pierced with ice-tongs, liquidation in an acid-bath; in *Blood of the Vampire*, girls strapped to the dissecting table, Belsen experiments. All these have been passed, since they goad the appetite for horror and nothing else. But we must be protected against the death-chamber in San Quentin. This is serious. This will offend. It will make people think. Cut it!

The result is, not merely a true ending botched, but the whole impact softened so that we are made to think: well, this Barbara Graham may have suffered from police persecution, a false confession to an *agent provocateur*, heartless delays that bring her to the door of the death chamber more than once, but at least death in the end comes mercifully. This false consolation has been palmed off on us. We, it is presumed, 'can't take it': our cup of tea is, and must remain, blood of the vampire.

The case might be put more strongly if *I Want to Live*, produced by Walter Wanger and directed by Robert Wise, were a better film than it is. Its first half, showing the background of a delinquent girl become good-timer, is raucous and scrappy; Susan Hayward gives a high-pitched if limited performance; only when she gets into the stranglehold of the law does a more urgent march, a documentary strictness take over. I may add that in the ending purveyed here the film-makers themselves missed a trick when the reporter with a deaf-aid pulled out his appliance: the final scenes of the cars turning and driving away by the seaside should have been achieved in silence.

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Gramophone Records

IN connection with the Handel bicentenary, HMV have issued a recording of four works in modern transcriptions, played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent (ALP 1710). The two Hamilton Harty Suites – the *Water Music* and the *Royal Fireworks* – could be described as old faithfuls if fidelity were their most prominent characteristic. Sir Malcolm's own arrangement of the Overture to *Samson* is less familiar, and also less necessary on practical grounds. The most intriguing feature of this recording is the inclusion of Elgar's orchestration of the D minor overture to the second Chandos Anthem. This is transcription at its most rapacious, but since it tells us so much about Elgar – compare the fugue in his *Introduction and Allegro* – one is prepared to forget how little it tells us of Handel. Sir John Barbirolli's recording of two Handel Concertos and two opera-suites with the Hallé Orchestra (Pye CCL 30149) contains nothing as flighty as this. The playing of suites from operas is hardly the best way of paying tribute to Handel's dramatic genius, though we must be grateful for Mr Richard Lewis's dust-clearing performance of 'Ombra mai fù'. The most substantial piece included in this recording is the first of the Op. 7 organ concertos – whose Larghetto alone is sufficient to make the recording worthwhile.

It is not unfitting to turn from Handel to Mendelssohn, another of our great immigrant composers. His Fifth Symphony, 'The Reformation' has been finely recorded by Paray and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on Mercury MMA 11032. From the commercial point of view this is merely a 'backing' for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music on the other side, but musically it is in no way inferior. Indeed, with other excellent recordings of the theatre music already available, the Symphony is likely to be a major inducement for purchasers of this record. And a very rewarding inducement it is. The roots of the Symphony extend back through Beethoven to the masters of the Baroque, and provide nourishment for a symphonic argument of the utmost strength and originality. The assessment of Mendelssohn as a facile and almost effeminate talent is refuted in every bar of this music. The character of the work precludes the kind of melodic writing which has ingratiated the 'Scottish' and 'Italian' Symphonies to the public, but there is every compensation.

A later Symphony which has some points in common with Mendelssohn's 'Reformation' is Mahler's Second – the 'Resurrection' – which has been recorded by Philips on ABL 3246. Bruno Walter's performance with the new York Philharmonic is surely everything that Mahler himself would have hoped for. It is a mistake to presume Walter's infallibility with regard to Mahler interpretation, but in this instance he is the complete master. A Mahlerian of a different kind is Hans Rosbaud. At first, his Vox recording (PL 10,910) of *Das Lied von der Erde* may seem somewhat dry. The tempi are on the fast side, and the whole interpretation has a nervous agility which is far removed from the more spacious drama of a Bruno Walter performance. However, Rosbaud has things of his own to say, and unless one is content to remain fixed in one's ideas about this great score, one should certainly listen to the Vox recording. It has the advantage of a highly talented rendering of the contralto part by Miss Grace Hoffman (who was the notable Eboli in Covent Garden's recent production of *Don Carlos*). A drawback of this valuable issue is the fact that certain vocal phrases – for instance the tenor's 'Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann' in No. 5 – are almost inaudible.

The Strauss who, according to Bruno Walter, praised Mahler's 'Resurrection' Symphony so highly was a wiser man than the Strauss of 1896, the year of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Karajan has chosen this tone poem for his first Decca issue (LXT 5524). The virtuoso performance and the brilliant recording will doubtless be received with storms of applause. But one hopes a still small voice will remind listeners about the work itself. Maimed both in its heart and its mind (may Strauss be forgiven that fugato!), *Also Sprach Zarathustra* is surely one of the least attractive works to have been written by any major composer. After this mountebank rhetoric, the musings of Fauré's *Fantasie* for piano and orchestra comes as welcome relief. HMV have done well to record this rarely heard piece, played by Grant Johannesen and the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens (CLP 1255). Johannesen's rather stiff and laconic style is not unsuited to the least sentimental of Fauré's works, though it is surprising that he should choose to fill up the remainder of the side with a performance of Saint-Saens's caprice-waltz, 'Wedding Cake'. The other side contains D'Indy's 'Symphony on a French Mountain Air'. The labelling tries hard to suggest that this is the main feature of the recording, but the music gives little support. The product of Fauré's old age dominates the easier charms of D'Indy's work.

No such attempt at indicating precedence has been made by Mercury in their recording (MMA 11026) of three works for wind orchestra by modern masters. Indeed, since Schoenberg's Theme and Variations, Op. 43a and Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments are involved, any indication of this kind would be a gross impertinence. Both are works of major stature, but so different in their aims that comparison is impossible. Apart from a very slight trace of Mussorgsky, the Stravinsky Symphonies achieve a kind of 'exclusive' originality which, for obvious reasons, is extremely rare in the creative arts. Schoenberg's Variations are no less original, but they include very much more of the past. Possibly because it is written in a tonal idiom, this fine work is often thought to be something to which Schoenberg did not attach great importance.

However, with close attention to the music – and it *needs* close attention – one discovers how wrong this is. Having made that discovery, impressive and moving support for it can be found in the recently published volume of Schoenberg's letters.

It is hard to believe that Hindemith felt so strongly about his Symphony in B flat, the third work included in this important Mercury issue. One can understand how a wind band might enjoy playing it, and the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble under Frederick Fennell indeed sound very happy. Audiences are unlikely to share their happiness. But two masterpieces are enough for one record, and the Eastman band have a good try at Schoenberg's Variations, though the solo writing shows up some of the individual players. The performance of the Stravinsky Symphonies is very faulty, but the general character of the work somehow survives. There is an air of enthusiasm about the whole recording which is most refreshing.

DAVID DREW

The Rehearsal Rehearsed

The latest English Stage Society Sunday-night show at the Royal Court was *Eleven Men Dead at Hola Camp*, the first of a series of dramatic improvisations on actual events. The stage was bare, except for a few chairs. A narrator sat on one side, a commentator, who produced the necessary facts from Hansard, sat on the other. The two producers, William Gaskill and Keith Johnstone, wandered on and off. Ten coloured actors played the parts. They had, we were told, been rehearsed separately; they had no script and the details of their parts were, clearly, sprung on them as we watched. The props were minimal: spades, batons, white masks.

It was, in short, a glimpse behind the scenes at the method of the Method. The actors had to create the situations off the cuff, out of their impromptu feelings and such snatches of dialogue as occurred to them. Cram them into a square of light and they were in prison; put white masks on them and they were the prison officers; give them batons and they were warders, spades and they were work parties; set the drums beating and they began a Mau-Mau initiation rite. In theory.

In practice things didn't work out quite so vividly. For we were in on the preliminaries of a performance, not a performance itself. The actors, thrust into the parts for the first time in front of an audience, were self-conscious, subdued, overguarded in their reactions and prone to the giggles – particularly in their dialogue. Actors are actors, not dramatists. Words don't, apparently, come easily to them. Moreover, the more intelligent the actor, the more complex the reaction he will want to express, hence the more difficulty he will have in finding adequate words. Wolé Soyinica, for example, seemed to put a good deal more intensity into his performance than most of the others; but the result was he as often as not held the business up by involving the rest in situations they weren't expecting.

The improvisations need, in fact, some fairly detailed preliminary rehearsal before they are shown to the public; otherwise the actors don't improvise, they haver. They also need rigorous directing. Mr Gaskill gave them this with considerable authority. But he was continually undercut by his colleague Keith Johnstone.

A. ALVAREZ

Correspondence

PASSAGE TO NOTTING HILL

SIR – One does not lightly accuse a sociologist from Columbia University of wild inaccuracy and distorted analysis, but there are observations in Dr Cohen's recent article which should not be permitted to escape unchallenged in such a journal as the NEW STATESMAN.

First: Jamaica became, *de facto*, a British possession in 1655, during the Protectorate, and not in 1670. This is not mere academic hairsplitting, but simply an instance of how carefully Dr Cohen, as a scientist, has done his basic, background research.

Next, any observer, however superficial, however profound, who implies that racial tension and conflict in Jamaica have increased over the last decade is very plainly not telling the truth – or has no business pretending to be a responsible analyst of the social scene. The incident he describes, where a black market-woman cringes 'tremulously' because she has shoved him in a crowded market, is ludicrous and unbelievable. Some sociologists, however, tend to be solemn people and she may well have decided to enliven a prosaic day with a casual leg-pull.

Dr Cohen means us to take this example of race suspicion seriously, though; and in all fairness he should attempt to explain it. He carefully avoids doing so. Why, for instance, the representative of a race overwhelmingly superior in numbers, on whose vote every politician depends for even the shadow of power, to whom no professional, political or social heights are denied, should be confused and frightened because she has jostled a white foreigner on her own ground, is never examined. Oddly enough, later in his article, Dr Cohen comments on the 'greater friendliness' of the adults he met in 1957 as compared with 1951.

Another example of extreme misrepresentation occurs in his charge that 'many Jamaican Secondary schools manage to discriminate against coloured students.' How he can maintain this and claim objec-

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tive observation is beyond me. There is no secondary school in Jamaica that does not have 90 per cent or more of its students coloured. The one secondary school in which the proportion of white faces is a little higher than the national average is used extensively by temporarily expatriate English and American families—because its educational theories are not based on the more Victorian patterns of the others. Most of the prefect body, games' captains and the like in any secondary school Dr Cohen cares to name will be coloured; and there can be no school in which, during the last decade, a head boy (or girl) could not be of any colour. Needless to say the staff in nearly every school is predominantly coloured. Any school which receives a government subsidy (all but two) has, by the Education Act of 1957, to reserve most of its places to open competition in the future. That this act is not yet fully implemented is a matter of administration and finance, and has nothing to do with discrimination.

On matters less open to criticism because they are merely errors of interpretation. The number of native-born Jamaicans, white or coloured, who refer to England as 'home' must be so slight as to be negligible. Indeed, those who do, constitute a lunatic fringe and are the subject of casual jokes and mild contempt. Almost any Jamaican who says he is going 'home' (i.e. to England) says this as something off-handedly humorous.

Why shouldn't a predominantly Negro audience in a country where Negroes rule, but in a world where few Negroes get anything like a fair chance, applaud Althea Gibson being greeted by the Queen? I would suggest to Dr Cohen that the applause he heard sprang from: (a) the recognition of a champion – in a country very fond of sporting champions; (b) the fact that the champion was a Negro woman – in a world where Negroes are beginning to gain acceptance as equal contestants; (c) that an important symbol, the English Queen, of what has been hitherto a racially exclusive supremacy is willing and, for public purposes at least, pleased to acknowledge the first Negro winner of the world's greatest tennis competition. If one accepts any of these as the right explanation, the applause seems natural enough in all conscience, and indeed desirable.

It is sad too to see a scientist from a reputable university perpetuating the dismal half-truth about Jamaicans being in a 'better competitive position on the English cheap-labour market'. This is quite inaccurate. Jamaican migrant labour could not fill half the vacant jobs during England's industrial boom after the war. And now, with the labour market tightening, a sample of the employment offices in any large English town would, or should, convince Dr Cohen that 'cheap' jobs are by no means the prerogative of the immigrant.

JOHN HEARNE

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Midhurst

BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR – C. M. Lake, after having read numerous letters and articles on the 'colour problem' refers to casual unions with no legal obligations and to illegitimacy being commonplace. These phrases give quite a distorted picture and reveal that important aspects of life in the West Indies (creating repercussions in Britain) are still not well enough known.

The rate of illegitimacy in Jamaica remains around 70 per cent but should not be interpreted by our exact use of the term. A wedding in Jamaica is an event demanding by a custom a lavish celebration with many invitations and outlandish expense. This frequently proves beyond the means of those concerned. In order not to lose face, they live together without a wedding. This relationship is known as common law marriage and in the majority of cases is a lasting union. By our standards, all children of such couples would be illegitimate, hence the very high official percentage. It does frequently happen that when the eldest daughter reaches the age of eleven or twelve, the parents present themselves for a marriage ceremony in church and so legitimise their children. It is a matter of means, not morals.

What we term promiscuity also bears a different interpretation in the West Indies. It is a remnant of the slave owners' influence. Religious teaching based on the Old Testament praised the virtue of fertility. Children were the best hewers in the cane fields. Today, boys and girls in their teens produce children. For the male this is proof of sexual prowess, for the girl, of fecundity. The children are looked after in the homes of the parents, which may be either the boy's or the girl's. When the desired mate is found, children of both partners may be included quite amicably in the new home. It is epitomised in the statement made by a Jamaican who worked for me as a rigger. He said: 'Sir, I have six children. Three are mine, one is hers and two are ours . . .'

Common law unions, far from being casual, are often stable, due to the interdependence of the partners. The woman will continue at her job and will contribute to the home upkeep. In a so-called Christian marriage, the wife may become lazy and demand domestic help. The husband may exact his will by physically chastising his wife. The free union has its attractions.

In my experience, these customs have their influence on the behaviour of West Indians in Britain. In one case, it appeared as the desire to send an illegitimate child back to his family in Jamaica. As the white mother held onto the child, the father has instead contributed to the upkeep.

After spending six months in Jamaica in favourable circumstances for making contact with the working class of the colony, I noted the apparently chaste marital relationships as revealed by the names by which individuals were variously known. Upon my return, I read Dr Henriques' book *Family and Colour in Jamaica* and the picture became complete. I recommend this book to all who are interested in West Indian problems both here and in the Caribbean.

HARRY ROBERTSON

81 Orchard Avenue
Shirley

SIR – As one who lives and works in North Kensington, I feel moved to protest at the inaccuracies in Mr J. P. Mallalieu's article, 'Background to Trouble', printed in your issue of 11 July.

The district is not as stated without industries supplying regular employment. To name just four, such as Rootes, Davis the Cleaners, North Thames Gas Board Works and Heinz. These firms draw most of their employees from this area and the only people unable to obtain work are those who are too sick, old, or workshy. The few unemployed people who do not fall into these categories are certainly not the trouble-makers in the borough.

Mr Mallalieu states that there are none of the clubs or missions established by the universities and public schools as in the East End. Again, he is quite wrong, we have in this district many strong and active clubs of this kind, e.g., Harrow School clubs, Rugby School clubs, Feathers Clubs, and the North Kensington Community Centre, and others, all doing good work and offering wide and various facilities for any who care to take advantage of such activities.

Regarding the housing problem which is admittedly acute, I feel that Kensington Borough Council has a record to be proud of, with the new housing estates completed since the war and the proposals already commenced for the slum clearance and building of Kensal New Town. There are also three private housing trusts doing worthwhile work in North Kensington, both in the direction of maintaining and modernising old properties and relieving overcrowded or distressing conditions.

Many stupid and wildly inaccurate statements and articles have been published in the press since the outbreak of trouble last summer which arose from an orgy of hooliganism that is apparently sweeping the country. The pretext in this borough was the coloured immigrants; in other boroughs it is gang warfare, etc. Such irresponsible writings only succeed in aggravating the thousands of decent, respectable and hardworking people who form the majority of residents in North Kensington, and in giving propaganda material to trouble-making fanatics like Mosley and the White Defence League.

B. B. BREAKWELL
Secretary

Kensington Housing Trust Ltd
83 St Helen's Gardens, W10

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SIR, – It is clear from the article by J. P. W. Mallalieu in your issue of 11 July, with its penetrating analysis of the causes connected with problems of race relations in the North Kensington area of London, that the obstacles to both short and long-term solutions will require the joint efforts of all political, civic, and voluntary organisations, if they are to be overcome.

During the discussions which the parliamentary deputation of the British–Caribbean Association had with the Home Secretary during June, various proposals were put forward by members of both Houses for the easing of racial tension. Among these was a suggestion that something might be done to disperse immigrants into areas of the country where they might integrate in smaller numbers into the local communities. The Association is, however, aware that such a scheme would involve consultation at government level with the Federal and Island governments of the West Indies both directly, and through their representatives in the United Kingdom, with local authorities, and with the Ministries of Labour and Housing and would in fact require a new approach to the whole problem, demanding a high degree of planning and co-ordination.

If such an idea were ever to be successful, it would need the encouragement of individuals and organisations of all parties, both throughout the United Kingdom and in the West Indies. We hope through the British–Caribbean Association to increase the support we are already receiving for joint discussion and action between ourselves and West Indians on problems which affect us all. We would welcome suggestions and inquiries from your readers who believe, as we do, that race relations are concerned with individual relationships as well as with politics.

FELICITY BOLTON

17 Bishopsbridge Road, W2

THE NON-NUCLEAR CLUB

SIR – In your issue of 18 July Sydney Silverman concluded that 'it is difficult to see what practical change is to be made' by the plan for a Non-nuclear Club. He reached this conclusion after examining where we should be if the plan succeeded; and his argument seemed so wide of the mark as to make his conclusion extraordinary. First, would Mr Silverman deny that the chances of a nuclear war breaking out will increase in proportion to the number of countries that possess nuclear weapons and can use them of their own accord? Secondly, would he deny that our foremost objective is purely and simply to prevent a nuclear war breaking out? Unless he denies these two points I do not see how he can possibly maintain that the success of the Non-nuclear Club could make no difference. The most urgent danger today is the increasing risk of a nuclear war due to the possession of the bomb by more and more countries. Beside this the question of where the bombs of the US and USSR are stored and sited is surely secondary.

The matters raised by your editorial – whether we are prepared to use the bomb first if attacked with conventional weapons, and whether one thinks that the spread of the bomb is best prevented by unilateral action or by a co-ordinated agreement – are surely questions of a lesser order, and should be recognised as such.

S. R. HATCH

26 Albany Mansions, SW11

DAVIDSON ON AFRICA

SIR – May I comment on two articles lately contributed – by me?

In an article about Ghana I wrote that the Ghana government should have repudiated the proposal – put forward by a Ghana trade union – for government control of the press. I am now informed that Mr Kofi Baako, the Minister of Information, did in fact repudiate this proposal immediately it was made. I have failed to find any report of this in the London press.

In another article in the same issue I said – in connection with Central Africa – that what was bad for Booker Bros. could not be all that bad for Socialism. A Liberal friend whose views I respect takes issue with this on the grounds that one ought not to attack one's allies – however un-Socialist they may be. 'This firm,' he says, 'has publicly stated that it favours the secession of Nyasaland from the Central African Federation. It has also publicly engaged with the African National Congress there that membership of the Congress before it was proscribed would be no bar to employment with the firm.

These sensible and intelligent declarations do great credit to Booker Bros; and I am glad – as I think you will be as well – to acknowledge and publicise them in the name of justice *et pour encourager les autres*.

BASIL DAVIDSON

7 Woodlands Road, SW13

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR – Mr Daly should not be surprised that provincial universities attract so few 'top-line' speakers. There are a variety of explanations, some undoubtedly organisational, some of the chicken-egg variety (top-speakers must be sure of a worthwhile audience, a worthwhile audience can only be created if a top-line speaker will come, etc.), but some simple political ones. By far the largest Labour clubs exist in Oxbridge; these universities traditionally supply and, it is presumably calculated, will continue to supply a larger number of political leaders and even run-of-the-mill MPs than any other universities; the existing relationship between the Parliamentary Labour Party and these universities (in terms of MPs own educational background, the education of their children, friends, families, associates) is far closer, etc. In effect, the class-structure survives intact. For the tired political leader, a visit to Oxbridge is a nostalgic pilgrimage to see once more the 'keen enthusiasm' of the youth he remembers – a spiritual speech-day reunion. Mr Daly will know how long Nalso has, with resolutionary fervour, been seeking to change this state of affairs.

He will also probably know that at this year's annual conference, Nalso resolved to institute a permanent organising secretary. Negotiations are still underway. We hope the Labour Party can be persuaded to help Nalso employ its own staff. Mr Daly's implied suggestion would be fatal – if the Labour Party were to organise in the universities directly, the autonomy of Nalso and the relative doctrinal independance of Labour students generally would almost certainly be lost, and a student Labour League of Youth episode begin all over again.

NIGEL HARRIS
Chairman
National Association of Labour Students
Magdalen College, Oxford

SIR, – Mr Daly confuses cause and effect. Leading speakers do not cause apathy by disdaining provincial political clubs. The membership of provincial Labour clubs, at least, is so small that leading speakers rightly feel that their time is better spent elsewhere – in marginal constituencies, for example. Liverpool and Cardiff, for instance, seldom reach a membership of 50, while the Oxford club usually numbers well over 1,000, and the Cambridge club over 500.

The reasons are easy to see. In some provincial universities, Socialist clubs adopt narrowly sectarian attitudes, either by exclusionist Trotskyism or by persistent affiliation to the Communist Student Labour Federation rather than to Nalso. In almost all, the Labour club is regarded as a place for discussion along agreed Socialist lines, not for conversion; and so these Labour clubs, unlike those of Oxford and Cambridge, admit only members or supporters of the Labour Party or some other Socialist body. Moreover, their recruiting machinery is very poor. Many of my friends at provincial universities never see a poster for a Labour club meeting, and very few have ever been visited by a canvasser to sell them a club card. The editorial board of *Clarion*, the joint publication of Nalso and the Oxford University Labour Club, makes consistent efforts to obtain editorial material from provincial universities, but seldom even gets replies to letters.

This dismal situation is in no way attributable to lack of funds. Nalso is a fairly rich body, and one cannot help feeling that – out of false pride or for other reasons – provincial universities are unduly reluctant to ask for money, which would probably be readily granted, either for genuine improvements in organisation or to secure a more attractive card. The primary purpose of Nalso is to build up Labour clubs in the provincial universities; to this end, it is heavily financed by Oxford and Cambridge, and it is not their fault if the money lies fallow.

What other help can Oxford and Cambridge give? The immediate need is not money but initiative and organisation. To offer suggestions on the first count would savour of paternalism – the dread of which is a genuine and deeply-felt reason, not an excuse, for inaction. As regards the second, I must say that a team of card-sellers, from the nearest large university Labour club to each small one within (say) 100 miles, would do tremendous good. But would such help be accepted if it were offered? I cannot help feeling that false pride, lethargy, lack of dynamism and often sheer laziness are the genuine, internal reasons for the inadequacy of most Labour clubs in the provincial universities – as they have sometimes been in Oxford and Cambridge.

Nobody with any inside knowledge of the position can help applauding Mr Daly's plea for a University Secretary of the Labour Party. I only hope that he will visit and canvass in the universities, and that he will not sit in Transport House imposing the dead hand of conformism, which many young party members, perhaps unjustifiably, so genuinely fear.

MICHAEL LIPTON

Balliol College, Oxford

BLACK AND TANS

SIR – In his review of *The Black and Tans*, Mr A. J. P. Taylor lumps me in with the apologists for oppression in Nazi-dominated Europe, Kenya, Hungary and Cyprus. I do not belong to this school, and don't believe that a reader of my book could justly conclude that I do: nor can I agree that a narrative, which ends before the Irish civil war began, ought really to have been called 'Episodes from the Irish Civil War'.

RICHARD BENNETT

2 South Hill Park Gardens, NW3

Pueblo MICHEL-DROIT

Translated by Edward Hyams

'*Pueblo* is a good novel by any standards. . . . M. Michel-Droit has soaked himself in Indian life and lore, and he has a great gift for description; the mystique of hunting and contemplation comes across perfectly.'
The Times

'A highly original theme. The hero is a truly tragic figure. . . . The incidental descriptive passages, whether of *pueblo* culture, bull-fighting, or the visions induced by peyotl (a kind of mescalin) are superb, and Edward Hyam's crisp translation does them ample justice.' PETER GREEN : *Daily Telegraph* 16*s*.

The Second Cecil P. M. HANDOVER

'Careful, thorough and perceptive, and brings together a great deal of information.'
CHRISTOPHER HILL : *The Spectator*

'An admirable book, skilfully planned, and in a plain but trenchant style well suited to her subject. It is a sympathetic but impartial study.' *The Times Literary Supplement* 42*s*.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Jawaharlal Nehru

For centuries world power has been monopolised by the technically superior nations. Today, the colonial and ex-colonial peoples of Asia and Africa know that they may shortly be the technical equals of white men; the result is as explosive and revolutionary as the eighteenth-century discovery that the common man was morally and genetically as good as his feudal superior. Two hundred years ago this concept of equality led, through generations of conflict and confusion, to the general acceptance of the democratic idea. The present conflict, which is even more widespread and likely to be more violent, must lead to socialism. This process cannot be stopped by anything less than nuclear war.

How catastrophic this transition period proves to be depends on India more than any other country. This is not only because India is the most populous of the less technically developed countries; more important, it is a country in which the conflict of ideas is consciously realised and in which a deliberate effort is being made to carry through the transition without violence. Indeed, for the last eleven years India has been guided by a man with a profound understanding of what is at stake in the struggle. Nehru does more than explain it and analyse it; he epitomises it. He is sometimes described as vague in speech and indecisive in action. A natural, but a superficial, judgement. As any examination of his speeches and career shows, what is described as vagueness is the result of his persistent interest in ideas and his habit of thinking aloud after the manner of a teacher who wants to explain problems to his pupils rather than to dictate routine answers. In this habit of mental exploration, Nehru is a faithful successor to Gandhi, who loved to analyse his perplexities and explain the practical difficulties of applying principles which he always began by describing as absolute and beyond compromise. It is true, too, that Nehru is sometimes hesitant in action. Mr Brecher, who has written the first thorough and well documented biography of Nehru*, quotes Gandhi's remark that Nehru was 'a thinker' and Sardar Patel 'a doer', and rightly adds 'but Jawaharlal has always been a man of action for whom thought is primarily a key to *right action*. While this quality leads to procrastination, however, it gives him a breadth of outlook which Patel never possessed.'

A Brahmin, the son of a wealthy, dominant aristocrat, a liberal with a scientific Cambridge education, Nehru has been consistent about his objectives and he has always held with Gandhi that means are as important as ends. Therefore his decisions have depended on a complex amalgam of reason and moral principle with a careful calculation of consequences. It is because he does not act instinctively and on impulse – though he is temperamentally impulsive – that he has often puzzled people about, for instance, his attitude to the use of force. There is in fact no inconsistency about his use of the army in Hyderabad in 1948, and his refusal to permit violence in the case of Goa. The first involved no more than a minimal use of violence in order to achieve an object which was absolutely necessary if India was to be unified; the second was not essential politically and would have involved grave international repercussions. The principle of using as little force as possible was the same in both cases; the result followed from a rational calculation of means and ends. Mr Brecher is, I think, at his considerable best in examining the complexities of the triangular relationship between Nehru, his formidable father and the Mahatma. Motilal Nehru became with great difficulty a follower of Gandhi. In the Thirties his son quarrelled with Gandhi about non-violence and socialism and the tactics of revolution. But he remained the Mahatma's follower because he knew – and discovered by experience – that Gandhi was usually right. The Mahatma had a profound understanding of Indian tradition and of the minds of Indian peasants, which made him a leader of genius in circumstances where Nehru's own mixture of Marxism and liberalism would have led to irretrievable blunders. Gandhi on his side was always tender and conciliatory in their controversies. He wrote, 'It will require much more than differences of opinion to estrange us'. Jawaharlal was to be his successor. 'He says he does not understand my language, and that he speaks a language foreign to me. This may or may not be true. But language is no bar to a communion of hearts. *And I know this, that when I am gone he will speak my language.*' Therefore Gandhi deliberately deprived Patel of the succession, thereby, Mr Becher tells us (I think rightly), bitterly offending the Sardar. He also deliberately discarded Nehru's chief rival, Chandra Bose, who, he saw, would take India along the path of violence.

How right the Mahatma was about Bose many English people may learn for the first time from Mr Toye's account of the Indian National Army†. It is a tragic story. This ill-starred force was raised by Bose personally among Indian troops captured by the Japanese in Malaya and elsewhere after his own escape from British custody. Bose differed from Gandhi and Nehru and other Congress leaders in being convinced that nothing but violence could free India. He was prepared to ally himself** with anyone who would help him to defeat the wicked British. Britain's danger was India's opportunity. Hitler was not ready to give him active help; Mussolini gave him encouragement; the Japanese allowed the National Army, which he recruited, to fight with them. Bose persuaded some 25,000 Indians that in fighting on the Japanese side they were fighting for the liberation of their country. But they were not very deeply persuaded and many of them were clearly unhappy at deserting the British flag under which they had been trained to fight. In any case, they lost their fighting capacity and did not stand firm in the hour of danger. For some ironic months Bose imagined himself marching into Delhi at the head of a victorious army, welcomed by Indians as their Führer and liberator. When it was clear that he had merely been responsible for the deaths of most of his army and that the Japanese after all would be defeated, he foresaw that the West would soon be at odds with the Russians; he turned to Moscow as an ally but was killed in an aeroplane crash. (Many Bengalis still believe him alive.) It is useless now to attempt to disentangle Bose's motives. Patriotism, idealism, vanity and fanaticism were inextricably confused within him.

Mr Brecher makes the point that, indirectly, the tragic story of the INA did play a small part in the liberation. The British, faced with the perplexing problem of discipline, muddled their treatment of the INA survivors and executed some who had committed atrocious acts. Indian post-war resentment against Britain was increased by what they regarded as the vindictive punishment of Indian patriots. Righteous anger against Britain, which had dragged them into war without their consent and had refused India independence though Indian soldiers had everywhere fought for Britain, was in any case bitter; and London could only have continued to rule India if the British people had been ready for a terrible war of repression. It is of course true that it was primarily because Britain could not afford such a war that the Labour government was able to quit India with such faint-hearted opposition from the Conservative Party. But Mr Brecher has not informed himself about English opinion or attempted to estimate the circumstances of Mr Attlee's great and successful act of statesmanship.

In Delhi Mr Brecher has had the opportunity of using hitherto unpublished papers and letters. He has talked to many Indians and to some English people who took part in these great events, and he has had an interview with Nehru. He has visited London and talked with Lord Mountbatten, Mr Woodrow Wyatt and some others, but it never seems to have occurred to him that opinion in England was an essential factor in Indian liberation. He has not considered that if Winston Churchill had been Premier, he would undoubtedly have tried to hold on to India at whatever cost. He does not mention that Attlee was carrying out innumerable resolutions at Labour conferences and that he presided over a Cabinet which would not have agreed to any attempt to suppress an Indian rising. He can write about Indian liberation without referring to any British newspaper except *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*; he clearly does not know that the brutal acts of the British Raj in India were constantly criticised in public meetings as well as in the House of Commons. The Amritsar massacre, which first turned the young Nehru, conservative, aristocratic and pleasure-loving, into a revolutionary, was met with an outcry in Britain and an official condemnation of the perpetrators. Mr Brecher knows nothing about all this. He confuses that rash left-winger, Sir Charles Trevelyan, with his brother, G. M. Trevelyan. The name of H. N. Brailsford, the greatest of liberation writers, does not appear in his index; nor does that of Sorensen who was known for many years as 'the MP for India'. In a revealing footnote he pays a deserved tribute to Nehru's autobiography, and says that it 'brought the Indian struggle for freedom to the attention of hundreds of thousands in the West'. In point of fact, it was not very widely read in the West, while scores of pamphlets and books written by English writers had already made India's struggle for independence a main topic of British Labour agitation. Most surprising of all, perhaps, Mr Brecher says nothing of the decisive influence of English Marxists and Liberals, of whom Harold Laski was the most important; they taught Indian students in this country to apply the doctrines of Mill and Milton to conditions in Calcutta and Delhi. It was British universities which supplied the middle-class independence fighters of India with the ideological weapons which were used so effectively to support the eastern strategy of Gandhi. To Mr Brecher, however, England appears, as it does to Moscow, as just a monolithic imperialist power which in the end had to surrender to India because it was not strong enough to fight.

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* *Nehru*. By MICHAEL BRECHER. *Oxford*. 42*s*.

† *The Springing Tiger*. By HUGH TOYE. *Cassell*. 25*s*.

** *Conversations with Mr Nehru*. By TIBOR MENDE. *Secker & Warburg*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Because of this close tie between British and Indian liberals the British were able to quit India not only without war, but also with friendship. It was not only Nehru's socialism that divided him from Patel. It was also his British liberalism. Just before the Mahatma's assassination it looked as if Nehru would lead the left and Patel the right wing of Congress. The Mahatma's death kept them together and after Patel's death there was no one to dispute Nehru's absolute ascendancy. He made a basic decision, which has had far-reaching consequences, to hold Congress together at all costs and to carry through a progressive, even a socialist, policy, with the help of business men who never believed in it. In the course of his illuminating conversations with Mr Tibor Mende**, he said: 'Considering the influence of this large organisation; of the Congress; and considering the influence I have, I would say that there is very little that we cannot get through here through the democratic process.' Vested interests might stop a socialist revolution in other countries, but Congress, even though based on vested interests, would not effectively obstruct progress with Nehru to lead it. Here should be the text for Mr Brecher's next book. With Congress as an instrument, Nehru has battened down communalism and kept India together. He has given India an independent foreign policy and prevented, so far, a fatal split into the pro-westerners and the pro-communists. He has carried out the beginning of a vast scheme of industrialisation. This side of the five-year plans has been far more successful and far more swiftly achieved than outsiders commonly realise. It is not socialist; it is based on some nationalised industries, with the help of which private capitalism does very well. But Nehru, who so eagerly sponsored the community projects, designed by the enthusiast S. K. Dey, is now well aware that land reform, which is after all the key to India's future, lags far behind. He has somehow to persuade the peasants of 600,000 villages to co-operate. How far is it possible to go without any of the regimentation of the Chinese revolutionaries? He has somehow to persuade an overgrown, sometimes corrupt, and often narrow and obstructive Congress to back him in a social revolution, which only a comparatively small number of civil servants and individual idealists desire with a fervour similar to his own. And he has to do all this, though he is approaching seventy, in the midst of a world conflict in which he has a unique role to play. He still has the adulation of the masses to encourage him; he needs the understanding and help of those who know that the world's future may depend on whether India's technicological revolution can be carried out without violence.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Two Poems

PRAYER FOR PENTECOSTAL FIRE

Lord of the cloud, of stony ground, and dearth
To whom no prayers are said by who can't pray
Let us for whom the sun is turned away
Remember spring's resurgence of the earth.

O lord of ashes in the ears and mouth
For those who neither hear nor speak we pray
That orange flames may light Pompeian gray
And splutter round Lot's pillar in the south.

EPITAPH

I looked upon this grave before I lay here
Joining my sight to yours who see it now.

AUDREY BEECHAM

Impatient Griselda

Beloved Infidel. The Education of a Woman. By SHEILAH GRAHAM and GEROLD FRANK. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Sheilah Graham was born Lily Sheil in 1908 in London's East End and spent eight of her first fourteen years in an orphanage. She grew up an independent, pretty girl with a consuming will to conquer the world of 'the elite'. After a number of what used to be called vicissitudes, she became, by sheer, heroic determination (for she had little except her looks to go on), 'one of Mr Cochran's Young Ladies' and achieved much of the social glory she had dreamed of, joining 'one of the most exclusive, blue-blooded clubs in the world', wintering at St Moritz 'with England's most exclusive society', and receiving a proposal from the Marquess of Donegall (who wrote a gossip column). She tells us that a woman once said to her, 'You're an adventuress, aren't you?' but that she was never exposed. It is a little sad to learn from people who knew her in London at this time that in fact she appeared to many of them quite obviously what she was. Perhaps it is her incurable faith in the gossip-columnist's conception of the upper classes that makes her so certain they would not have associated with her unless they had been deceived by her.

She next moved to New York where, in spite of her inexperience, her dazzlingly vulgar imagination helped to make her a successful newspaper writer. In 1935 the North American Newspaper Alliance sent her to Hollywood, and she is today one of the movie world's leading gossip columnists. It was in Hollywood, too, that she became involved in what must be for most readers – and to her great credit was certainly for her – the most important episode in her life, her three-year love affair with Scott Fitzgerald.

Except for a few trivial errors (*Afternoon of an Author* is not a series of articles and is not called *The Afternoon of an Author*) her account of Fitzgerald is accurate and wonderfully vivid. The charm, the pride, the unconquerable delight in life of the sober Fitzgerald, the pitiful boastfulness and the terrifyingly destructive violence of the drunken Fitzgerald, are all here. The compassionate insight that taught him to copy her remarks in his notebooks and make her feel – the incredible phrase is hers – that he appreciated her mind as well as her face is perfectly balanced by the insight that made him, riding drunk in an airport limousine, say of the girl in front of him, 'Isn't she pretty? Such lovely hair, such poise – a very lovely young woman,' and, when the girl turned to smile at him, 'You silly bitch.'

But if the Fitzgerald is a triumph, the Lily Sheil is a disaster. It is perhaps not her fault that we cannot conceive how the heroine of *Beloved Infidel* was transformed by Fitzgerald's imagination into the heroine of *The Last Tycoon*. Miss Graham can report actual occasions that lie behind certain episodes in *The Last Tycoon*; she can even suspect, for a clause, that Fitzgerald had been 'reliving with me his life with Zelda'. But there is not a sign of the Kathleen who, in the unfinished house at Malibu, after they have first made love, says to Stahr, 'Of course we've just moved in – and there's a sort of echo.' Stahr's sense of Kathleen's disconcerting actuality and her ghostliness, as if the dead Mina she so closely resembles had risen alive and solid out of his luxurious indulgence in exhaustion and dying, is impossible to associate with the heroine of *Beloved Infidel*. For all the parallels of fact, Kathleen remains an act of Fitzgerald's imagination – as was, perhaps, the Sheilah Graham he loved. Loaded with resentment though Zelda's comment is, some old understanding of the actualities behind the achievements of Fitzgerald's imagination must have led her to guess that Kathleen was really 'the sort of person who . . . smells a little of the rubber shields in her dress'.

Miss Graham wrote this book with Gerold Frank, 'already', as the dust-jacket says with injudicious honesty, 'famous for his collaboration on the autobiographies of Lillian Roth and Diana Barrymore'. The result is a portrait of an impatient Griselda who did not marry the prince only because she fell heroically in love with the poet, a portrait that, for all its factual accuracy, fills the reader with misgivings about its essential honesty.

When Miss Graham began to succeed in the theatre, her husband, who was twenty years her senior, was happy to be introduced as her uncle and to have her come home from parties he did not attend and tell him about them as if he were 'her mother'. Their marriage 'slowly became a marriage in name only' without, so far as we are told, his being affected in the slightest. The reality must have been more crudely human and moving than that, just as what little is known from other sources of Miss Graham's actual response to Fitzgerald's death is far more human and moving than the pretty image of grief in this book.

It would be interesting to know what Lily Sheil is really like. The feminine Jay Gatsby with the vulgar sense of glory and the heroic energy of will – naive, generous, and unscrupulous – who peers out from behind this book's slick facade may well be, in her different way, as fascinating and likeable as Nell Gwyn.

ARTHUR MIZENER

DARWIN
and the
Darwinian Revolution
Gertrude Himmelfarb

The Times Literary Supplement
'A thorough and masterly book punctuated with a delicate sense of humour . . . Until he has read, marked, learnt and inwardly digested this authoritative volume, no one should presume henceforth to speak on Darwin and Darwinism'.

The Scotsman
'This substantial and vigorous biography will naturally be of particular interest to the scientist; by its humanity, humour and extreme readability it will captivate a much wider audience. This is the portrait both of a man and of a period . . . one of those books that leave the mind not only stimulated but permanently enriched'.

Illustrated 42*s net*

CHATTO & WINDUS

Israel's Father-Figure

Ben Gurion. By ROBERT ST JOHN. *Jarrolds.* 25*s.*

Zionist Portraits and Other Essays. By HARRY SACHER. *Blond.* 25*s.*

What have they all in common besides old age – Churchill and Eisenhower, Adenauer and de Gaulle, Syngman Rhee and Ben Gurion? The answer, I think, is that each of them has become, during his life time, a father-figure – the object of a cult, adored for the characteristics which each people associates with its nationhood. Apparently this kind of apotheosis – peculiar to the twentieth century – has a rejuvenating effect and is the formula not for second childhood but for a second and even more pugnacious manhood. Each in his way, these men display a really terrifying vitality, as though there were some gland which is replenished by daily doses of popular veneration. When the masses began to participate in political decision, rationalists predicted that the age of democratic self-government was at hand. Actually, as we can see, the one common characteristic of all modern governments, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, is the cult of the kind of personalities to which the masses feel they can entrust those unpopular decisions for which representative institutions were designed but which they are manifestly incapable of taking. Each modern nation, in fact, gets the father-figure it deserves, and the fact that Eisenhower is weak and amiable, whereas Adenauer and Syngman Rhee are bloody-minded, faithfully reflects the temper that each of them fathers.

Of this modern personality cult, David Ben Gurion is one of the most successful examples. It is often asserted that B.G. has grown in statesmanship and wisdom since that day in May 1948 when, in defiance of advice from Uncle Harry in the White House, he defied the five advancing Arab armies and proclaimed the Jewish State. I would prefer to say that an able politician has turned himself into a legend: the real Ben Gurion has now become identical with the myth. In London during the blitz he saw how the British could take it and fell in love with Churchillian leadership; in due course he too was given his finest hour. But, because the Israeli were alone and morale was all-important, they owed even more to B.G. than we did to Churchill. It is not surprising, therefore, that, after the war against the Arabs was won, they have only felt able for one short period to dispense with his leadership.

Nevertheless, it is not impossible that Israel's long-term interests would have been better served by a post-war Premier less obsessed with Biblical history, less easily persuaded to give defence top priority in his budget and with slightly more respect for economic realities. The Israeli are ready enough to attempt the impossible, without having B.G. always there to rebuke as defeatist any colleague or expert who dares to suggest that, even in the Land of Promise, two and two may occasionally count for less than seven. It was this respect for facts and for scientific evidence that distinguished Chaim Weizmann from B.G. Weizmann was neither a father-figure nor a mystic, but a scientist and a statesman who, by sheer capacity and strength of will, towered, spiritually as well as physically, over all his lieutenants, including Ben Gurion. But Weizmann the statesman and diplomat was proved wrong by history. Israel's independence was achieved not, as he had hoped, in peaceful collaboration with Britain and as a member of the Commonwealth, but in the course of a cruel war, instigated from London. Jewish survival, in fact, required not the leadership of brilliant intellectual and well-balanced character but a man of the people, as tough, as intuitive, as convinced of his own infallibility as his old opponent, Ernest Bevin.

Mr Robert St John has given us what purports to be a biography of Ben Gurion but is in fact nothing more than the legend. Here is the story as B.G. himself and the men closest to him like to tell it to the visitor – particularly to the American Jew. Weizmann, for example, is dismissed as 'that gentle, warm-hearted liberal', who 'never took part in politics', a description which tells us a great deal more about B.G. and his entourage than it does about Weizmann. Ben Gurion himself is shown to us mainly as the man who organised illegal immigration, bought arms through American Jewry and commanded the Jewish Underground in the battle against Britain. When we come to the Sinai campaign, it is interesting to note that the legend requires him to send his troops into action without any assurance of French air defence for Tel Aviv!

What a relief it is to turn to the subtle historical criticism of Harry Sacher's *Zionist Portraits.* Though I must concede that some of the later essays in this book are too dated for reprinting, the twenty character studies with which it starts form a most valuable contribution to the history of Zionism. Some may be caviare to the general or, shall we say, matzo to the goy. But who can fail to be interested in this glimpse of a British Premier from an unusual angle?

> Disraeli early made up his mind to become a great figure in English politics. . . . There was nothing to be gained except contempt by pretending not to be a Jew. He aspired to lead an aristocratic party, and he must be an aristocrat. But he could not be an aristocrat of the British type, he must be an aristocrat in his own fashion. As an aristocrat of an aristocratic race and an aristocratic family of that race, none could compete with him and he need compete with none. So he developed the theory that race is everything, that a pure race alone can achieve great things, that the Jews are the pure race, and that by a happy virtue they represent precisely what is dearest to the Conservative Party.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Unforgettable Woolliness

English Art, 1800–1870. By T. S. R. BOASE. *Oxford.* 50*s.*

'Unforgettable woolliness' is the phrase which the President of Magdalen gives to the sheep of the Victorian animalier T. Sidney Cooper. It may also unfortunately apply to this addition to the Oxford History of English Art of which he is general editor and to which he has also contributed a medieval volume. What is his interest in the art of these seventy years and what is his idea of art – historical intention and method? The book does not suggest any particular enthusiasm which is not also second-hand. It does not display notable grasp of the methods proper to this branch of scholarship. The book is similar in form and tone to the Redgraves' *A Century of Painters* published in 1865; it is old-fashioned, amateurish by the standards of the most significant art-historical scholarship and in the worst sense empirical, which is perhaps to say the same thing. To start, in an attempt to justify this unfriendly preamble, with a matter of central importance. On the first page Mr Boase says that 'the Romantic Movement . . . is an elusive concept'. However that may be, any writer concerned with this period, who is confronted by a Fuseli, a Turner and a Ward, a Pugin and a Ruskin, the Pre-Raphaelites and William Morris, must attempt some definition or identification of that nebula of romanticisms – ideas, sentiments, obsessions – which comprise Romanticism, not simply as an English but a European phenomenon. A historian who is not prepared to struggle with this concept can hardly claim our confidence when he continues thereafter to toy with the word 'romantic' in one context or another.

This basic imprecision is only too typical of the vagueness which pertains at every level. On page 16 for example – the date is around 1800 – 'in the popular mind landscape was rapidly becoming the main pictorial theme'. Forty years and 120 pages later 'there was a growing vogue for landscape where an "acceptable" view was the main subject'. Simply, what *was* going on, what were the conceptions and experiences of landscape and natural forms in one time and the other, and indeed thirty years before that when the taste for landscape was no less marked? What were the sources of the changes in landscape vision which Mr Boase has failed to define? Sentences like those quoted have no historical utility. Another instance of the same woolliness. (James) 'Ward has his place as one of the romantics from whom Géricault and Delacroix learned much'. What did they learn? In fact there is no evidence so far that Géricault *learned* at all from Ward as opposed to expressing respect for him at a stage when the former's style and intentions were established. Géricault's affinities with Ward rest upon a common admiration for Rubens who was also the mediating factor in the relationship between Constable and Delacroix. Anglo-French relations between 1810 and 1820 are of cardinal importance and in that matter Rubens is an essential element. Mr Boase's failure to do justice to this is explained by his uncertain grasp of that painter's work and influence. He mentions 'Chevy Chase' which Landseer, another of Géricault's enthusiasms, exhibited in 1826 and says that it owes 'a somewhat inadequately absorbed debt to Snyders' – not surprisingly in view of the fact that it is closely derived from 'The Wolf Hunt' by Rubens now in the Metropolitan. All this is a matter of precision, clarity and sufficiency in defining historical relationships, in making sense of the past. But given the nature of the book as mainly a sequence of biographical-cum-critical sketches, there is an equally damaging kind of vagueness, the constant failure sharply, perceptively to identify and characterise the artists he considers, something which can only come from intense personal observation and from asking the most pertinent questions about their work.

Again some instances. On page nine appears Thomas Rowlandson whose 'rare abilities must have later consideration'. Nine pages later the enthusiasm implied in the word 'rare' has cooled and he is allowed 80 words, in which the central observation reads, 'At his best he creates memorable images'. In the paragraphs devoted to Cotman Mr Boase writes of the 'particular perception which he alone brought to English art'. But apart from a reference to an 'intense feeling for the massed effects of foliage' (what about Constable, de Wint, Palmer, Cox?) and a conventional look forward to Cézanne, the significant originality is not defined. He writes of Wilkie that 'the homely scene was presented with all the technical attributes of pose and colour that had hitherto been the preserve of high historical art.' The last phrase can only refer the mind to a Raphael or a Poussin, but on the following pages are references to the 'small Dutch masters', and to Watteau who never attempted 'high historical art'. In the end the test of any writer on this period must be his approach

to the greatest figures, and particularly perhaps to Turner – the most challenging artist for any historian of English art. Mr Boase begins by quoting T. S. Cooper to the effect that 'he was one of the most original and finest painters that has lived in any age'. Looking back from our position it is obvious that the greatness and originality is most intense in the work of the late thirties and forties, which include some of the most original indeed of all paintings. It is suggested here that the essential problem for Turner at this period was that of 'outline seen in varying lights and of the dissolution of shape into atmosphere'. A reading of Ruskin, let alone a careful examination of the works in question, should show that this is largely beside the point and that what matters was the relationship between light and colour. The failure to see this as the central pictorial issue posed by Turner's art, as something hardly less significant in the career of Constable (considered in the same chapter), and as one of the dominant themes of nineteenth-century painting in Europe, is a sign that Mr Boase is not really at home in the age he tries to explain.

It should be said that the book also contains large parts devoted to architecture and it is to be hoped that students of that art may find *them* more rewarding. While reading, I thought of a great scholar, the late Humphry House, and of his marvellous sympathy for and understanding of the nineteenth century. The remembrance of him and of his work cast a cruel light upon this dull, shallow and impercipient study which is also to be a standard textbook. If it can be regarded as a typical product of current Oxford nineteenth-century studies then the loss of House and of the scholarly standards which he exemplified within that university is all the more to be deplored.

BASIL TAYLOR

Darwin in History

Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution. By GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB. *Chatto & Windus.* 42*s.*

It is often implied that 'Darwinism' burst upon an unprepared world, and that it detonated an explosion of controversy of which the echoes died away only gradually during many decades. A century later one can see that many of the ideas, beliefs and unbeliefs of educated people, in Britain at least, already demanded a theory of organic evolution, and that the concept of natural selection was admirably fitted to the thought of the day. Darwin's work marked a new epoch in biology; but in the history of thought he was less a source of new light than a means by which the existing illumination was brought to a focus.

Dr Himmelfarb has written a discerning and well documented account of Darwin's development as a scientist, and of the intellectual climate of his time. The details of her narrative are often amusing. She makes it easier to understand why it was Darwin, and not a man more obviously brilliant or better trained, who took the major step forward.

> It was with the sharp eyes of the primitive, the open mind of the innocent, that he looked at his subject, daring to ask questions that his more learned and sophisticated colleagues would not have thought to ask. And thus his questions, while fundamental, were never abstract.

This book is highly instructive on the profound resistance to new ideas that the most honest and conscientious of scholars often display.

Dr Himmelfarb concentrates on original sources; she usually disregards other recent writers on her subject, except for occasional tart criticisms. She is indeed excessively destructive: a silly pseudo-Freudian analysis of Darwin is attacked in several passages when one would have been enough. Although her strength is in biography, her principal aim is evidently to establish the status of Darwinism in the history of thought; but in this she is only partly successful. She gives a just account of the impact of evolutionary biology on the churches and on religion, but on Darwinism and sociology the book provides a foundation for future study, rather than a synthesis of its own.

None of this breaks much new ground except in detail, but Dr Himmelfarb's account of the development of Darwin's thought in his later years will present to some readers a less familiar picture. A good deal of Darwin's vast output fell below the level of his best and most famous works. If one is concerned to advance scientific research one pays attention to successes and disregards the rest; but for the history of science or the psychology of scientists the failures and errors are important too. Dr Himmelfarb's detailed acquaintance with Darwin's less creditable efforts turns out however to be motivated not by historical zeal but by a desire to attack the theory of natural selection. The climax of the book is in fact a lengthy denunciation of this doctrine. That Darwin ran into difficulties with it is well known. If natural selection is to occur there must be inherited variation, and some variants must be more successful than others. Darwin's greatest problem, the source of the necessary variation, was solved in 1865 by Mendel, but Darwin never saw, or at least never understood, Mendel's paper. When modern genetics had its true beginning, in 1900, it soon became evident that the mechanism of heredity works to preserve a substantial amount of inherited variation in any large breeding population: there is therefore always a reservoir of variation from which a species can draw.

Darwin gradually realised, in the absence of this knowledge, that the theory of natural selection, with which he had come to identify himself, lacked one essential support. In some of his later works he was honest enough to draw attention to the difficulty, human enough to do so with many reservations and explainings away: hence some of his writings seem to lack candour. There are long rather incoherent passages in Dr Himmelfarb's book which imply that biologists remain today in this state of bafflement. There is hardly a reference to modern authorities on evolution or genetics, although a quotation from Bertrand Russell and a casual remark by a professor of zoology are used to buttress the argument. Dr Himmelfarb has nothing to say on the recent studies of natural selection in action, or on current experimental work; she even omits those aspects of the present theories of evolution which might help her: for instance, natural selection in some circumstances tends to preserve a species in a steady state and to *eliminate* variants which could be the basis for further evolutionary change. The theory of evolution a century after the *Origin* is a complex and still growing structure vastly developed from the viable parts of Darwin's work. The present concept of natural selection is a far richer one than Darwin's, and there is no indication that it can be replaced by any different explanatory principle.

One is left with the impression that, despite all this, Dr Himmelfarb has taken a scunner at natural selection; and so she has used her considerable gifts to present an argument which, in the end, becomes as specious and disingenuous as any she has been able to dissect out of Darwin's later publications.

ANTHONY BARNETT

New Novels

The Road. By AUSTIN COATES. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Men From the Bush. By RONALD HARDY. *Muller.* 15*s.*

One Man's Island. By ELIZABETH ASHE. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

British novelists have for long had at their disposal a vast, imaginary Empire – a chain of colonial clubs and rest-houses and swamps where, traditionally, the women slept with their servants and there was trouble up-country. The sun has now set on this gin-sling school of literature and what we now have is an imaginary Commonwealth, where the Governor is concerned more with the perils of emancipation and Africanisation than with the indiscretions of the plantation manager's wife. One wonders how Somerset Maugham would have got on with self-government.

The imaginary land of Mr Coates is a British dependency in the modern Far East, where everyone is being very polite and careful because of enlightenment. The author chooses for his title *The Road*, and when, on page eighteen, the district officer who is the hero of the book declares that he is going to build a road on that island if it is the last thing he does, it is not difficult to see where the story-line is going to take us. Attitude of islanders to road. Meaning of road to district officer. Foreboding of district officer's wife *re* road. Corruption in connection with road. Road considered as symbol of progress. This would be a nice clear-cut yarn for an August afternoon, but unfortunately the whole theme is practically lost to sight in the tedious comings and goings of the district officer's wife, who has not only had an affair with a Hindu

The Horn and the Sword
J. R. CONRAD
'A zestful survey of the cult of the bull-god.' *New Statesman.* 'Fascinating'. CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times.*
Illustrated 25*s*

Reprieve
JOHN RESKO
'One of the most remarkable, most searing accounts of prison life ever published.' *Manchester Guardian* 18*s*

Late Night on Watling Street
BILL NAUGHTON
'Forceful . . . dramatic and pungent . . . most enjoyable . . . a sturdily original talent.' *Times Lit. Sup.* 15*s*

MacGibbon & Kee

but has written a novel about it to boot (now there's *The Letter* up to date, if you like). Owing to district officer's tetchiness because of road, he and his wife decide to part, and when we come to the reconciliation scene it is with a sinking heart that we realise that the author is working up to the phrase, 'She had found her road in life'. Mr Coates gives us some good insights into the way a modern dependency is run, and he has a very lively style, but he would do well in future novels to ration himself on the subject of old Chinese customs. Like many authors who know their background well, he is too busy getting his facts right to evoke the atmosphere that his book needs.

The Man From the Bush deals with the last of the gin-slingers in an imaginary British protectorate in Africa.

> Grouped, they had a pitiable quality. They were the dispossessed. Some had left India in nineteen forty-seven; thence to Kenya; thence to the Protectorate; scrabbling in the hospitable soils of alien lands for a way of life that had gone.

Mr Hardy deals with the effects, upon this group, of four men from the bush who are rumoured to have come to the town bent on some unspeakable ritual. Without any proof that these four even exist, the community shows its fangs, revealing the fear, misunderstanding and uncertainty that have been festering in the peaceful Government bungalows. The climax comes in the hunt for a missing African child, a spiritual experience for the searchers; this is the best part of the novel. The book is couched in that cry-the-beloved-simplicity style that seems to affect so many novelists when they write about Africa ('He had seen the hill, the shrouded summits. It would have to be as it had always been. . . . As it had always been. He had seen the hill and he understood'). Mr Hardy, however, catches not only the tension of the search but, more difficult, the uneasy, prowling strain of diehards at the end of their tether.

Miss Ashe's imaginary island is not a member of the Commonwealth, but all hell is let loose in it, so it might just as well be. *One Man's Island* concerns an idyllic little country where life in a pleasant holiday hotel is upset by sudden political crisis. The book has a dangerous soft centre when Sandford, the hero, starts behaving like one of those rueful-smiling, furrow-browed, tousle-haired women's magazine heroes who are so often illustrated standing on a ladder with a paintbrush while the girl, arms akimbo, stands below in her chequered apron and photogravure blouse. It turns out, however, that this is the kind of image he is trying to get away from; he is a refugee from suburbia: 'If you encourage him, he will go on to tell you of the horrors of the fish-shop and the bus-stop and the zebra crossing.' Come the revolution, Sandford naturally discovers that you cannot escape from yourself, and the book, which has been dealing with a rather promising affair between him and a young mother, comes to an indecisive stop. The thing that stands out in this novel – rather incongruously, because it is, after all, set in the Indian Ocean – is Miss Ashe's understanding of suburban people and her ear for suburban talk, without any of that notebook-carrying self-consciousness that we have been getting since the natural dialogue craze began. Her imaginary island is engaging enough, but it would be nice to see her handle the subject of self-determination in Wimbledon.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Publication of *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, by Willard Motley (Longmans), which was reviewed in our issue of 25 July, has been delayed until the autumn because of the printing dispute.

COMPANY MEETING

WEST CUMBERLAND SILK MILLS LIMITED

SUCCESS IN WORLD MARKETS

The 20th annual general meeting of West Cumberland Silk Mills Limited was held on 23 July 1959 in London, The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, P.C., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

Despite continuing difficulties experienced in the Textile Industry in general your Company has had another good year and our turnover shows a small increase over last year.

We retain a leading position among those producing material for the Haute Couture where our fabrics continue to influence the trend and development of fashion. In Paris our subsidiary has had great success with our materials on the French and International Markets.

We do, however, attach the greatest importance to the steadily increasing use of our moderately priced range of materials by the wholesale dress manufacturers and in the retail stores, both at home and overseas, and we shall spare no effort to maintain our already high reputation in quality and design.

The increased turnover has led to necessary expansion of our factory in Cumberland and the acquisition of further subsidiaries and properties in Australia.

This year marks the 21st anniversary of the establishment of our organisation in Cumberland, and in that connection we have commissioned three artists of outstanding reputation, Cecil Beaton, Oliver Messel and Graham Sutherland, to prepare for us a series of designs which we are translating into very beautiful fabrics. These designs and the fabrics based upon them will be the central feature of an Exhibition being held in our enlarged premises at 29 Bruton Street during July. This Exhibition will later be shown in leading stores in the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Since the close of the financial year, the Company continues to trade at about the same level and at a satisfactory profit margin, and the order book is well maintained. The report was adopted and the total dividend of 22½% approved.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,536 **Set by Schnorkel**

The usual prizes are offered for an Underwater Poem. Limit, 16 lines; entries by Monday, 10 August.

Result of No. 1,533 **Set by Set-Square**

A recent correspondent to this paper suggests that printing disputes and take-over bids may soon result in amalgamations of the women's and literary weeklies. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a regular feature in the NEW STATESWOMAN.

Report

Answers to Correspondents (Aldermaston produced many ticklish problems), Competitions and London Diary accounted for most of the entries. In too many, however, the flavour of the NS was lost in the woman's page. Ian Allan's serial synopsis suggested good reading. Hugh McBain's 'Aphro Dite's Advice Bureau' was on the right lines, and P.W.R. Foot caught the accents of Mr Patch. Those, with L. W. Bailey, Nancy Gunter, J. A. Lindon, Bill Howard Patterson and John Digby narrowly missed the final list. Two guineas to D. R. Peddy; the rest of the prize money to be shared equally among the entries that follow.

WILHELMINA STRONG'S QUIET CORNER

It's getting near election time, that gay MP-selection time, when X means more than just a kiss; a chance that you must never miss of sending back to Westminster the sort of members you prefer. Mr Macmillan looks just right – distinguished and oh, so polite. His Premium Bonds are just the thing to get our savings into swing. Yet every wise girl, ere she picks, thinks back to 1956 and then recalls – forget who can? – Macmillan was a Suez Man. But Mr Gaitskell's Labour boys will give us Welfare and its joys—free milk and orange juice galore, and council dwellings by the score where HE can come back home to you when his long working day is through. And when your tots are older you'll send them to Comprehensive School. So girls who dream of life sublime will vote for LABOUR every time.

D. R. PEDDY

STATESWOMAN TO STATESWOMAN

While punting on the Isis the other evening after a Summer School at Ruskin for Redbrick lecturers in social anthropology, my friend told me he found *Das Kapital* unreadable. What should be my attitude? – Madge.

Your friend sounds a bit obtuse to me, Madge. Of course, the book's not so un-put-downable as *Lolita* (God, how I loathed it at Girton) but he's simply writing himself off as a political square if he can't make the effort – if only for your sake. If he talks like that about one of the half-dozen really seminal books of all time, how are you and he ever going to make a real go of things together? Remind him of the Webbs. Of course, as his mistress (you are his mistress, I take it?) you could always try Lysistrata's tactics of disengagement, and see how that worked – Aunt Critica.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

HINTS FOR AUTHORS-TO-BE

These months of waiting can be the happiest months of your life – and there is no need to think that automatically you will be unattractive, moody and irritable . . . Remember, there is nothing unnatural about writing a book. It is no longer regarded as something to be hushed up. . . .

Visit your local library regularly and talk to the librarian – he is there to help you. He will advise you what to read during these months and rest assured that he knows what he is doing. Modern literary skill and methods are always available for every expectant author nowadays.

When the appointed day draws near, don't panic. Begin to collect your explanations and excuses so that you can go straight to the publishers. . . .

And what joy will be yours when at last you hold the tiny volume in your hands!

G. MORLEY

THE STARS AND YOU

Capricorn: A few rude words about Sir Roy Welensky at the beginning of the week may help you to make interesting and exciting contacts that will further your social career. Unlucky Colour: White.

Aquarius: A week for adventure. Re-assessment of your I Q (insist on the Stanford-Binet) will produce surprising results.

Pisces: All canvassing will prove un-rewarding. Some Tory acquaintances may call unexpectedly mid-week and reveal interesting change of heart on important European issues.

Aries: A chance meeting with a handsome County Councillor may lead to an unforgettable week-end at a Fabian Conference.

GEOFFREY PARKINSON

LONDON DIARY

The O'Grady Clubs are catching on. Women everywhere are flocking to join. The theory of the brotherhood of man has had a long innings and no acute observer would say that much progress has been made. But it looks as if the new sisterhood of man might do the trick. When the arch-imperialist versifier Kipling wrote that 'the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin' he could not have foreseen, and certainly would hardly have welcomed, the ironical twist which has resulted in the creation of the O'Grady organization. Gone forever is the Dorcas Society. New hope springs for African, for Indian, for Asian, and the under-privileged everywhere. The clubs are entirely non-political, except for the politics of the heart. They may be 'Hell's Belles' to Lord H., but the pollsters are shaken. Woman is on the march. Bless her.

E. C. JENKINS

City Lights

Keeping Up Standards

The arrangements which Standard Motor has made with Massey-Ferguson will go through on two conditions. One is that Standard stockholders – and Preference holders – agree to them. The other is that 'in the event of the USA, the United Kingdom or Canada being involved in a major war before Resolution No. 1 in Appendix A is passed, all the Agreements are subject to cancellation'. A major war, the lawyers will no doubt decide, is one in which neither party survives to cancel the agreement.

Standard, barring the major war, has done pretty well for itself. For years now its bang-up-to-date Coventry plant has been turning out Ferguson tractors for M-F under contract and its own car production has been closely integrated with the tractors. But on cars it is a relative pygmy, and on tractors it has had increasingly to bear with M-F's dislike for depending on a production unit outside its own control. A couple of years ago, in fact, M-F quietly bought up 18 per cent of the Standard equity and then put in a bid for the rest; the Standard board, resigned to the inevitable, recommended the bid, but the price of M-F's own shares fell so far in the market that it was forced to call the whole thing off. Relations were a little difficult after that; they became much more difficult when M-F, without consulting the Standard directors, put in a bid for all the Standard shares which were being issued in exchange for the acquisition of a car-body firm and obtained enough to bring its holding up to 24 per cent.

M-F, however, then made a mistake. Determined to impress its independence on Standard, it acquired a diesel-engine firm called F. Perkins; but contracts cut both ways, and M-F, unless it was ready to have tractor engines pouring out of both ears, had now to become as anxious to end the Standard contract as Standard itself – an anxiety which seems to have cost it an engine plant worth about £1½–2m. in the final settlement.

Negotiations began at the beginning of this year and have only just been completed. M-F is to acquire Standard's tractor plant, its stocks, and its half-interest in a French firm, for close on £18m.; it will knock off £3m. from this price by selling its own holding of Standard stock, which is to be acquired by a couple of merchant banks and re-offered to Standard holders. Standard, after settling its bills, will be left with £12½m., of which it proposes to distribute £4m. to stockholders and to keep the other £8½m. for developing its car business. The holder of, say, 10 Standard units will get 25s. return of capital and be expected to pay back 17s. 3d. of it for new shares; he will end up with rather more shares, on which a rather smaller dividend is forecast, and 9d. a share in pocket.

The real question now is whether Standard, which claims that merger talks with Rover broke down on terms and indignantly denies the favourite market rumour of an approach from Chrysler, can survive as an independent car firm on the success of its new Herald and its old Triumph: it cannot go back into the tractor business until mid-1961. In the meantime, it proposes to re-style itself Standard-Triumph International.

* * *

Ford shares jumped from 70s. to 90s. in the middle of last week; nobody knew why, but it was American buying. The story was that the US company which owns 55 per cent of the shares, and which recently decided to increase its holding in Canadian Ford, was out to take a bigger share in the UK company; when both the US and the UK companies disclaimed any knowledge of such an intention, the price fell back – but not so far as you might have expected. Perhaps it was just a symptom of speculative fever. Perhaps it was just a US security analyst, belatedly finding his way home and filing his recommendations to clients. Whatever it was, it was all very exciting while it lasted.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 507 Traffic Problem

I had better offer two of them to symbolize the manifold problems confronting motorists who brave the London-Brighton road on August Bank Holiday. The mere thought of them makes me shudder even in the quiet solitude of my garden, and I'll gladly dole out all of 5, and 6 ladder-points for **A** and **B**, the former a mate in 5, the latter a mate in 6, and both of them remarkable for some considerable traffic problems to be coped with by those badly congested rooks before they can join in for the kill. And don't please ask me how these positions could be brought about in an atmosphere more remote from midsummer madness. When I say that **C** is a win for White, that would seem to be easy enough if it weren't for one of those tiresome conditions attached to that type of problem. This one could well be entitled 'H.M.'s do-it-yourself problem', the condition being that none of the White pieces except the King may move to bring about the desired end, a mate in 8. This may well be overrated a good deal by 7 points, but I do not feel at all generous in offering 8 for **D**, a problem requiring some explanation rather than a diagram. The author is dear old Dr. Josef Krejcik of Vienna, but this particular piece he did some fifty years before his death a year or two ago. It happened at the famous old *Wiener Schachklub* when they were discussing the penalties exacted by Caissa for being a copycat. Young Krejcik claimed that he for one could provide the penalty in a mere six moves like this. (1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) KKt-K2, KKt-K2; (4) P-KKt3, P-KKt3; (5) Kt-Q5, Kt-Q5; (6) Kt-B6 mate. Whereupon someone showed a ploy alleged to be concocted by Sam Loyd and forcing suimate in 8, provided Black slavishly copied each of White's first seven moves. (1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Q-B3, Q-B3; (3) K-K2, K-K2; (4) K-K3, K-K3; (5) Kt-K2, Kt-K2; (6) P-QKt3, P-QKt3; (7) B-R3, B-R3; (8) Kt-Q4 ch PxKt mate. Whereupon Krejcik in his youthful exuberance proposed a bet that he would give the odds of Queen and both Rooks and force Black to mate him on the 12th, provided White's first 11 moves were strictly copied. How did he win his bet?

After so much midsummer madness our more seriously minded competitors are entitled to some honest endgame studies. **E**, a win and **F**, a draw are quite brilliant, and in rating them 9 and 10 points respectively I can bring the grand total to be garnered this weekend up to 45. Usual prizes. Entries by 10 August.

A: E. Radzuweit, 1959 /24/5p2/3p1P2/R2K2R1/P3PPPP/3k4/.
B: E. Radzuweit 1959 /40/PPRKPR2/2PP1PPP/3k4/.
C: J. Brown, 1914 /7k1/4Q1p1/4KP2/4Pr2/3P4/3P4/BB6/8/.
E: A. S. Gurvich /Kt7/8/kt7/k7/8/1K6/p2b4/6B1/.
F: M. S. Liburkin /8/3B4/3P4/7k/16/2p4p/Kb3Kt2/.

REPORT on No. 504. Set 11 July

A: (1) . . . Kt-KKt6!! and wins.
B: (1) R-K8 ch!, KxR [or . . . K-Q2; (2) R-K7 ch]; (2) BxP ch K-Q2; (3) B-Kt4 ch,K-B3; (4) B-B3 ch,K-Kt4; (5) B-K2 ch, etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt3! (K-R4?), P-B7; (2) K-R4!, P=Q; (3) Kt-K2 ch!, BxKt; (4) BxP ch, Q=B stalemate.
If (2) . . . K-B7; (3) Kt-K4 ch, K-K7 [. . . K-B6 being countered by (4) Kt-Q2 ch!]; (4) Kt-B3 ch,K-B6; (5) Kt-R2, P-K7; (6) B-Q2,K-B7; (7) Kt-B1!,P=Q; (8) Kt-Q3 ch, etc.

Fairly easy. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman, C. Sansom. While I am abroad in August and September, entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

COMPANY MEETINGS

BOVRIL LTD

Another Year of Progress and Development

Last year more people bought more Bovril, reported Lord Luke, Chairman of Bovril Ltd., in his annual statement to shareholders. A greater number of housewives than ever before realised the goodness of Bovril not only as *the* great stand-by in illness but also as an essential item on the weekly shopping list for use as a beverage during the day, a night-cap, and for adding to savoury dishes. Also more of it was bought in the larger sizes.

This has been a year, he said, when the Group as a whole has shown considerable progress and development. A story of increased sales; production keeping pace with expansion, and our main products, Bovril, Ambrosia Creamed Rice, Bovril Corned Beef and Gold Cup Jaffajuce all contributing their share to the very satisfactory consolidated profit figure.

To the public the word Ambrosia is synonymous with Creamed Rice and sales last year reached a new high peak. Four new varieties have recently been introduced. These together with Creamed Rice and Macaroni are all making their name.

Bovril Abroad

Despite severe difficulties in some overseas markets, Bovril on the whole managed to hold their own.

The Argentine Estates of the Company, which provide the raw materials for Bovril, also had a satisfactory year in view of the readjustment of the economy and a certain amount of labour unrest. Research and development are proceeding rapidly, but to ensure maintenance and expansion of this main source of raw materials we are planning further capital expenditure.

Accounts

The net profit of the group was £650,974 of which £139,364 was retained in the subsidiaries. After transferring £150,000 to Reserve, your Directors recommend a final dividend on Deferred Stock of 17½ per cent, making 20 per cent for the year.

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

SALES AGAIN A RECORD

The thirtieth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Limited was held on 29 July in London.

Mr F. Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The Net Profit after taxation, is £467,313, compared with £451,931 for the previous year.

With the benefit of increased production facilities turnover has been increased both in the number of packets of Crisps sold and in total sales realised, by 12 per cent.

The Board recommends a final dividend of 27½ per cent plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent, which makes, with the interim dividend of 12½ per cent already paid, a total distribution for the year, subject to income tax, of 42½ per cent.

The Board also recommends the capitalisation of £195,609 10s. of the General Reserve to provide for an issue of 782,438 fully paid new shares to be distributed among the shareholders on the basis of one new share for every four held.

Quality the Watchword

Quality is always the watchword of Smith's and we pay the greatest attention to all matters which are necessary to maintain it, thus imparting just that difference in taste for which Smith's are so famous. I make no apologies for repeating once again our slogan, 'There are no Crisps to equal Smith's Crisps.' To the public, Crisps usually mean 'Smith's Crisps'.

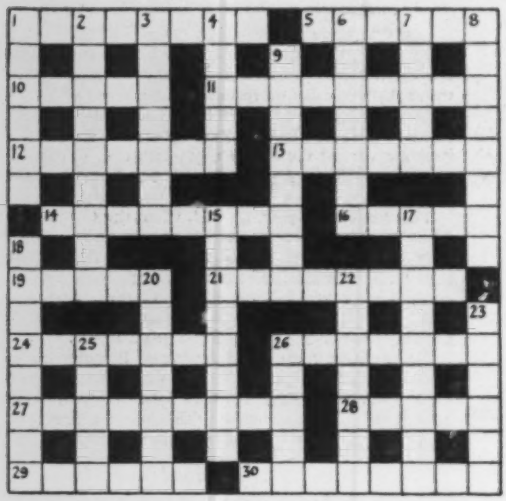
The demand for our product continues to grow, with the larger production we can now supply to the market, and our turnover for the year again constitutes another record in the history of the company.

Production and sales for the first three months o the current year are up again on the figures for the previous year. The popularity of Smith's Crisps for the snack, picnic and bar business remains undiminished and indeed continues to grow. At the same time there seems no doubt that the housewife is appreciating more and more their value and convenience as a household food.

The report was adopted and the capitalisation of reserves approved.

Week-end Crossword 364

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 364, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 10 August.



ACROSS

1. Soldiers pull back into reserve positions (8).
5. Excellent ending with a dog (6).
10. Attractive looking poet (5).
11. Carries in a jumble in front of Gilbert for props (9).
12. Remedy for no play (7).
13. Game to preserve as an expression of gratitude (7).
14. The paper says that the selectors are idiots (8).
16. A question of us embracing a woman (5).
19. Wide awake though later muddled (5).
21. Shy but engaged (8).
24. The weapon of protracted courtesy? (7).
26. Six and five in genuine recovery (7).
27. There is a riot here, so shop early for a change (9).
28. Cockney's means of warming the house for the diner (5).
29. Wood-wind player with the wood in the middle (6).
30. Uselessly embracing the northern war in private (8).

DOWN

1. Rebellion in which I do wrong (6).
2. Pleased to pelt a politician (9).
3. A tiller converted according to the letter (7).
4. Bring up a thousand and increase the fighting strength (5).
6. Good fortune was successful up in India (7)
7. Lord's matches (5).
8. Journeys for which one needs a permit on time (8).
9. 'To render with thy —— less The sum of human wretchedness' (Byron) (8).
15. Somewhere in the south or north-west within summons (8).
17. Date never changed for the dispirited (9).
18. Noisy propaganda of a reformed hobo about a friend (8).
20. What doctors may prescribe for panels (7).
22. Holiday place in which I arrive incognito (7).
23. Dirty and sticky as a means of communication in the earth (6).
25. With us the comedian would be ill at ease (5).
26. If this material were given the air a comedian would be broadcasting (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 362

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(COLLEGE OF EDUCATION)
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Cultural Attaché,
Embassy of the Republic of Iraq,
22 Queen's Gate,
London, SW7.

RUSKIN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in the field of Industrial Relations and either Economics or Social and Political Theory, starting not later than January 1960. Salary scale £900 x 50 – £1,350 x 75 – £1,650 and £50 family allowance. FSSU. Applications with three references required by 1 September 1959. Full particulars and form from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

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IN THE STRAND

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureships/Senior Lectureship in Modern History, Lectureship in Ancient History. Applications are invited for one position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer and for Lectureships in Modern History, and for one position of Lecturer in Ancient History. These are newly established positions. Candidates in Modern History should be qualified in Modern European and/or British History. Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer within the range £A2,200 x 80 – £2,600 per annum, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In addition, in each case, cost of living adjustment will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 5 September, 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Classical or Near Eastern Archaeology. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 x 80 – £2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £2,100 per annum. In each case, cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 1 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Library Vacancy. Applications are invited for the position of Library Officer in the Fisher Library, the appointment to take effect from 1 January 1960. Applicants must be graduates of a recognised university, must have professional membership of an approved Library Association or an equivalent qualification, and experience in a large library. The duties will be in the first instance to coordinate the work of the Branch and Department Libraries attached to the main Library. The salary is within the range for Library Officer, Grade II, £A1,405–1,505 for males, and £A1,195–1,280 for females, plus cost of living adjustment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 5 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania, Australia. Lectureship in English. The University invites applications for the above post. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II – £A1,450 x 60 – £1,630 and Grade I £A1,630 x 60 – £2,050. Appointment will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Although it is hoped that the new Lecturer will be specially qualified to work on the literature of the Renaissance and/or the eighteenth century, applicants whose interests lie outside these periods will be considered. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 14 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in Education. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have a master's degree or some other advanced qualification in education and should be prepared to do some teaching on the historical or the philosophical side of the subject. The salary will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience and an allowance will be made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 September, 1959.

PRODUCTION assistant for publishing house. Experience in dealing with paper merchants-printers, etc. Excellent pay. Box 10001.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Economics or a comparable degree. The salary will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance will be made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 September, 1959.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Clerical and Bibliographical Assistant is required on 1 September 1959, to work with a group of Research Assistants in African Law. Candidates must be good typists and have some knowledge of shorthand. Graduates preferred but not essential. Salary £600 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Applications should be made in writing to the Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of St Andrews, Queen's College, Dundee. Assistant Editor required for Dundee Volume of Third Statistical Account of Scotland. Preference given to graduates in Sociology. Appointment for two years, with probable renewal for a third. Salary: £750–£850 a year. FSSU may be available. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to the Joint Clerk to the University Court, Queen's College, Dundee, by Saturday, 25 August.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in Public Health Dept. Work involves organisation of treatment in School Health Service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and the social work arising. Close co-operation with voluntary care committee workers an essential feature and position carries some responsibility for recruitment, training and advising of these workers. Opportunities for suitable candidates to take part in case work with problem families. For such candidates experience in family case work is essential and all candidates should have had experience in practical social work with preferably the relevant Social Science training. £625 (at 24) to £830; commencing accdg to quals and expce. Applicn form and details from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/1581) County Hall, SE1. Closing date 5 Aug.

DEPUTY Warden (female) over the age of 20 years required at the Bedfordshire County Council Hostel for maladjusted children situated at Leighton Buzzard. Salary Scale (at present under review) £400 x £20—£480, less £116 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Post superannuable. The work will consist of assisting the Warden and Matron in the ordinary care of 15 children between the ages of 5 and 15 in a pleasant homely atmosphere. Application forms and further information from the Principal School Medical Officer, Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford, to whom they should be returned with names and addresses of two referees.

PORTMAN Clinic, 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W1. Senior Child Psychotherapist (male), required. Suitably trained and experienced lay worker required for six sessions a week, to conduct Play Therapy groups and individual treatments. A high standard is required. Salary £2 7s. a half-day session. Applications, with two recent testimonials, or names of two referees, to be sent to the Administrative Officer of the Clinic by 5.9.59.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of London—Postgraduate Medical School. Senior Secretary (Woman) required September for the Dean's Office. Initiative and good speeds essential. University background advantageous. Salary scale £550–£650. Superannuation. 4 weeks' holiday. Refectory on premises. Applications by letter marked 'Confidential' to the Secretary, PGMS, Ducane Road, London, W12.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE Education Cttee. Orton Hall School. Appointment of Resident House-mother. Lady with some home nursing experience required for the above residential post at the Orton Hall School, Orton Longueville, near Peterborough. Duties to commence September 1959. Salary scale £370 x £15(2) x £20(2)=£440 per annum (less residential emoluments valued at £116 per annum). Applications by letter, stating age and experience to be accompanied by two testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned as soon as possible. Ian C. Currey, Director of Education, County Education Offices, Gazeley House, Huntingdon.

COUNTY Borough of Southampton. Child Guidance Clinic. Applications are invited for the post of Second Educational Psychologist, for work in Clinic and schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in psychology or equivalent qualifications, postgraduate training in Child Guidance, and teaching experience. Salary, Soulbury Grade II. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre Southampton.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Applications and enquiries to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

NEWCASTLE General Hospital, Child Psychiatry Unit. Clinical Psychologist. A full time Psychologist required for the above unit which is associated with King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and is part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine. The Unit is the Training Centre in Child Psychiatry for the Region and undertakes undergraduate and postgraduate teaching as well as research. Applications, together with names and addresses of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, from whom any further information can be obtained.

SOUTH London Settlement requires full-time social worker. Club work with boys, girls and young adults but great opportunity for developing more general community work. Apply Box No. 2717, c/o Charles Barker & Sons Ltd, Gateway House, London, EC4.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required to take charge of the East London Family Service Unit, supervising a team of caseworkers (also students). The Unit has psychiatric consultation available, adequate administrative and clerical help and is non-resident. Salary on scale £625/25/£950. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

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SEC/sh/typs. Temp. Top sals. MAY 6336. Savoy Agy, 487 Oxford St, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUPERINTENDING Architect: War Department. 1 or possibly 2 pensionable posts for Registered Architects (men) with professional qualifications in architecture. Experience of design of wide variety of buildings, methods of cost control, contract and site supervision, and a sound understanding of modern constructional methods essential. Duties involve travel in U.K. and overseas. Salary (London) £2,400 – £2,700. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form quoting S5010/59. Closing date 13 August 1959.

BBC requires Programme Assistant in Russian Section. Requirements include Russian preferably as mother tongue and good knowledge of English, ability to translate accurately and rapidly from each language to the other, to read fluently and clearly in Russian at the microphone and to write original material. Candidates should have interest in international affairs and good knowledge of contemporary conditions in Russia. Journalistic or radio experience an advantage. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £1085 p.a. with prospects. Requests for application form (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1173 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

COUPLE as Caretakers for Brady Clubs & Settlement, Hanbury St., London, E1. Wife's duties include some cooking, husband handyman. Good wages, self-contained flat, all found. Recent references essential with application to Warden Box 9992.

APPLICATIONS invited from young men of Christian conviction, single age 20/30 for resident post of Assistant Secretary with experience in organising Religious, Educational and Social programmes for young people. Should additionally be able to supervise Gymnasium work and outdoor activities. Salary about £450-500 plus full board. Submit qualifications and experience with names of two Referees to General Secretary, YMCA, St Giles Street, Norwich.

TRANSLATORS wanted, Russian-English highly fluent both languages, social sciences material regular monthly basis. Write International Arts & Sciences Press, 33 W. 42 St, New York 36.

REQUIRED in Sept. qualified Tutor in Shorthand and Typewriting for Secretarial College in Holland Park, specializing in intensive cses for grads. Small groups, congenial atmosphere. Bus. experience an advantage. Reply to Organizing Secretary Davies's Secretarial Training, White Lodge, Addison Road, W14.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper required for flatlet in mag, NW... Box 10087.

RESIDENT Assistant Cook required in September for co-educational boarding school of 120 pupils. The post would be attractive to a lady with a daughter (aged 8–11) who could be educated at the school. Apply: Housekeeper Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorkshire.

FAMILY Service Units require a Secretary shorthand-typist, 5-day, 35-hour week, free lunches, 3 weeks holiday. Progressive and rewarding position for person interested in pioneer Social Service work. Apply 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

SECRETARY required by the Women's Liberal Federation. This responsible position gives scope for the exercise of initiative and requires organising and administrative abilities. Applications to 54 Victoria St, SW1.

EDITOR of prof. journal requires intelligent and efficient Secretary. Salary according to exp. Apply Mrs Barnett, HOL 8967.

PUBLISHERS req. intelligent & efficient secretary. Good experience, interesting appointment for qualified person. Box 10000.

SECRETARY 22/35 gd personality, for post with travel & prospects. Sal. to £13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN 0676.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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FOOD AND DRINK

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ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

RECOVERED – a happy outlook on life since discovering El Cid Sherry. It's a wonderful wine, light, yet full-bodied – an Amontillado to please everyone's palate.

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner. Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

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BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. 1 Aug. 12 gns, 8 Aug. 10½ gns.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. (Herne Bay 750). Weekends or late holidays. Vegetarians welcome. Microbus trip to the Tyrol, 15 days, 3 Oct. 75 gns.

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THEATRES

ARTS, TEM 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Rope Dancers'. Mems.

IRVING, WHI 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 2nd week, 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15 Mats, Thurs. 2.30. Vivien Leigh, Anthony Quayle, Max Adrian, Robert Stephens, Meriel Forbes, George Devine in 'Look after Lulu!' by Noel Coward.

UNITY, EUS 5391. 'Take it as Red'. A new revue. Fr., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30

Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s. 6d., at Hall (KEN 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Until 2 Aug. Satyajit Ray's 'The Unvanquished' (U). From 3 Aug. Summer Revivals. Clair's 'I Married a Witch' (A), Chaplin's 'The Kid' (U).

ROXY, BAY 2345. W/c 2 Aug. Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, Kathryn Grayson, 'Anchors Aweigh' (U). 'The Hired Gun' (U).

SUNDAY Films in colour – Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise – in French with English sub-titles. 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' – Bolshoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

INDIAN film 'Awara' (The Vagabond) with English sub-titles, Thursday, 6 August, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. 7 p.m. Regular monthly shows of outstanding films from India and Asia. Information and tickets (members 2s., 3s., 4s.; non-members 1s.) from India Film Society, 31A John Adam Street, WC2. (TRA 2110.)

EXHIBITIONS

THE SECOND

JOHN MOORES LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION

of Painting and Sculpture

WALKER ART GALLERY

18 Nov. 1959–17 Jan. 1960

£5,000

in prizes and purchase money

Open to all artists working in the United Kingdom. Full details of how to submit work from Exhibition Secretary, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool 3.

SENDING-IN DURING SEPTEMBER

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11–12.30, 2.0–6.0, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10–7, Sundays 2.30–7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture – Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 September 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER 3529) Hussein Sharifle; paintings.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting and Sculpture). Till 27 September. Mon. Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8; Sun. 2–6. Admission 2s. 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery. 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Visceral Image – The New Romantics. Wolfram – painter, Foley – draughtsman, Witkin – sculptor, Dale – poet. 20 July to 15 August. 10–6, Sats. 10–1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10–5.30, Sats 10–1. Until 8 August.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. E. C. Gregory Memorial Exhibition. Until 15 August. Daily 10–6, Saturdays 10–1, Closed Sundays. Admission 1s. Members free. Closed Saturday 1 August, re-opening Tuesday 4 August at 10 a.m.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. 'Water-colours, Drawings and Prints). Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8. Sun. 2–6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.–Friday, 10–5. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture and drawings 1948–1959. Weekdays 11–6; Sundays 2–6; closed 1–3 August inclusive. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Richards Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10–6. Sat. 10–1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints. 9 July–15 Aug.

MARLBOROUGH, 17–18 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters – Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10–5, Saturdays 10–12.

ST. George's Gallery Prints, Contemporary British Print Makers No. 2. 29 July–29 August inclusive. Daily 10–6, Sats 10–1. 7 Cork St W1 REG. 3660.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12–9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Four German Artists, Biro, Kirchberger, Pfahler, Sieber. Opening 5 August. Daily 10–6, except Sunday.

WADDINGTON Galleries House Exhibition II including Yeats, Hitchens, Rouault, Hilton, Zack, Frost, Adler, Heron, Alva, Wynter, Hayden, Wells, Bell. 2 Cork Street W1.

LECTURES

BLACKHEATH

Open Air Meeting and March
Whitfields Mount, Golfers Road,
7 p.m., Hiroshima Day, 6 August

BENN LEVY

Further particulars from
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament,
143 Fleet Street, EC4 FLE 4175

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Eric Wolff 'Takeover Bids', Wed. 5 Aug. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 8 August at 6 p.m. Mr Aziz Baluch: Canto Fondo – its origin and evolution.

WHAT Is Theosophy?' Public Lecture & Questions. Sun. 2 Aug., 8 p.m. Free literature s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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PRIVATE lessons Shorthand, Typing English French. Mabel Eyles. ENT 3324.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

'CRIME and Punishment'. ISTD Summer School at Nottingham University, 14–19 Sept. Lectures, group discussions, afternoon visits. Details: ISTD, 8 Bourdon St, W1. (MAY 3472).

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

We can accept a few additional bookings for some of our August or our Autumn Sunshine parties. Special suggestions:

Swedish house party 11 August, Swiss house party or Balleatic Islands holiday 23 August, Italian Adriatic sunshine bargain – September departures – cost 27½ gns.

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ITALY Switzerland, etc. microbus £15. end Aug.–Sept. 98 Creffield Rd, W3.

£27 Basque coast Spain 12 days incl. rail fare, comf. hotel by beach – non-students £30. A. P. Richardson, 46 Argyll Rd., London, W8.

THE International Holiday School, Granada for Spanish language, art, music, drama-Flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

PERSONAL

DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE
AGAINST NUCLEAR WAR

cannot continue its rocket base campaigns and other activities unless more funds received at once. Please send a contribution NOW to: 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4.

PERMANENT foster home for twins needed. Boy and girl aged 14 months. Boy not likely to progress as quickly as his sister and will therefore need specially understanding care. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

OLD lady, widowed, wishes to share her house and garden, Edgware, with educated lady. Box 9959.

UNDERWATER enthusiasts driving to Elba in Ford bus September, have four vacant seats. If interested phone GLA 9818.

YOUNG N. York lawyer in London during week of 18 Sept. desires to make profes. contacts in legal profession. Write Arnold E. Rubinstein, 55 Liberty St, New York, NY.

STRESA 8 Sept. Man (24) wants others to share his car, or place in other's car. Box 10012.

DOES any driver towards/to Istanbul August/September want expense-sharing passenger? Box 10017.

YOUNG lady driving Bedford caravan seeks female companion for 8 weeks cheap tour of Europe. Commencing end September. Expenses-shared basis. Box 10028.

HOLIDAY in Sweden. 1 seat for male to join mixed car party, 29 Aug.–10 Sept. Box 10026.

UNIVERSITY College undergrad., 25, with wife & 2-yr-old boy seeks rooms/flat nr London in exchange help in house, garden, etc. Glaister, 12 Cambridge Terrace, Oxford.

GAELIC. Expatriate Scot wants intensive course August/September, mornings or afternoons. London area. Box 9610.

PERSONAL—continued

VIEUX Antibes. Sept. £60. Writer's flat on ramparts surrounded by sea. Two rooms, kit., bathroom, w.c. Sleeps four. Lge. roof terrace garden. Two more could sleep there in shelter, à la belle étoile. Refrigerator, gas-cooker. Plain but comf. furn. Quite s/contd. Bathing beach 50 yds. Payable in sterling. Write B. Chatterton, c/o National Provincial Bank, 25 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

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FRENCH language lessons by Sanda Monier, FLA 1387.

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THE Chelsea Players seek new actors, producers etc. Apply Robinson, 33 North Side, SW4.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Entrance fee suspended during Summer. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquire about membership and excursion to Middelheim Sculpture Exhibition to the Secretary.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday courses: 3 LP records, 2 books, French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd. (Dept Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS 7223.

PARKING is free – in front of 30 Abbey Gardens, but allow, if you can, an hour for your sitting with Anthony Panting. MAI 3200.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? Ask Phonetic Alph. Assocn., 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL 8193).

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension, HAM 2514, 12–5 p.m.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA 4354.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

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SCHOOLS

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BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

AUGUST 'Labour Monthly', R. P. Dutt, 'Labour's Great Debate'; Ivor Montagu, 'The Brink of Peace?'; Alan Bush, 'Handel at Halle'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post free). Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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